

DELL

MAY

NO. 1175

M.G.M.'S

# MOUSE MUSKETEERS

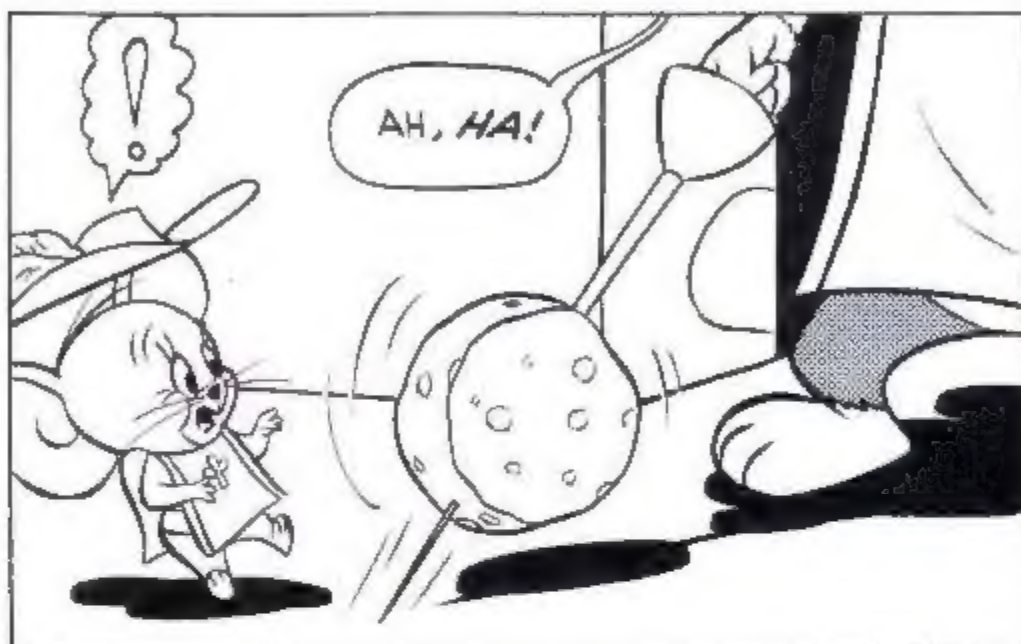
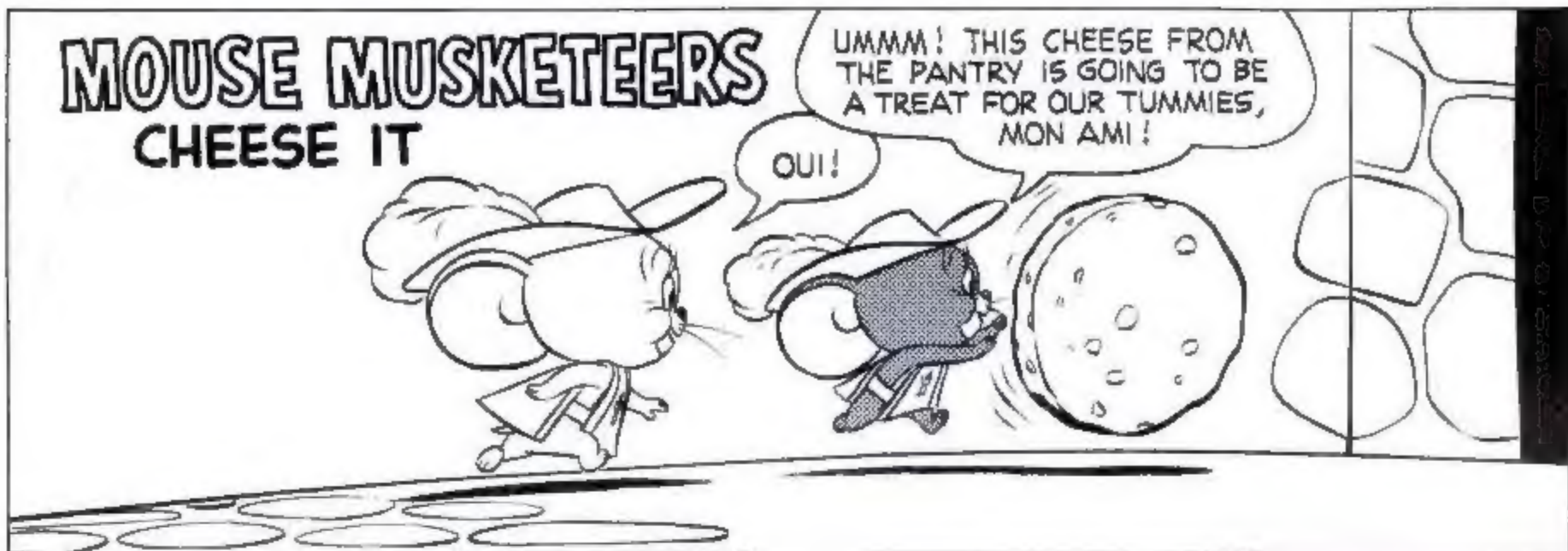
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# MOUSE MUSKETEERS

## CHEESE IT





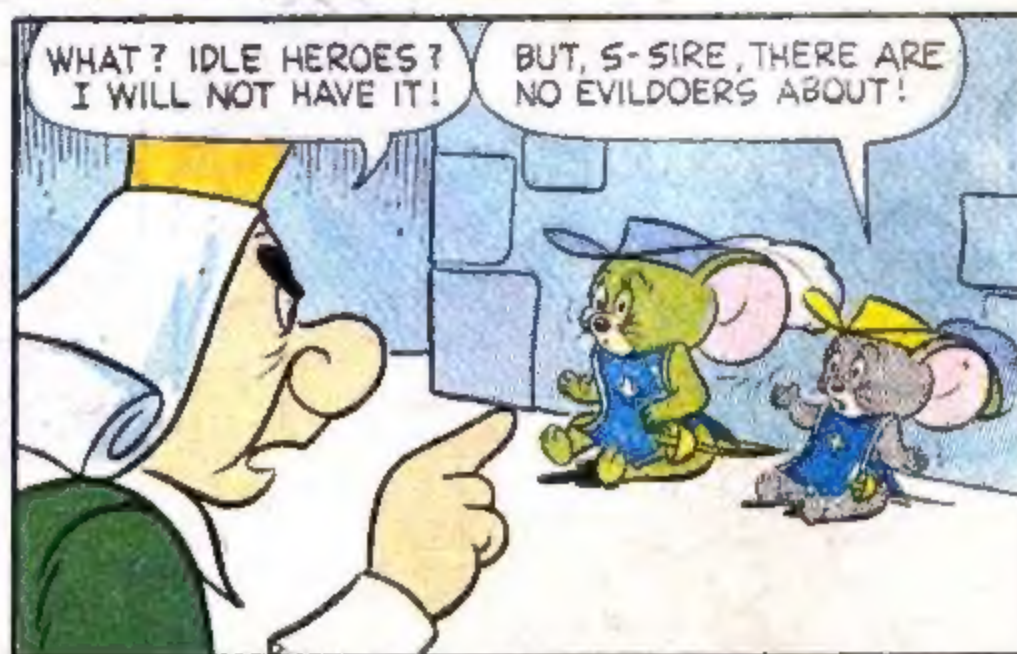
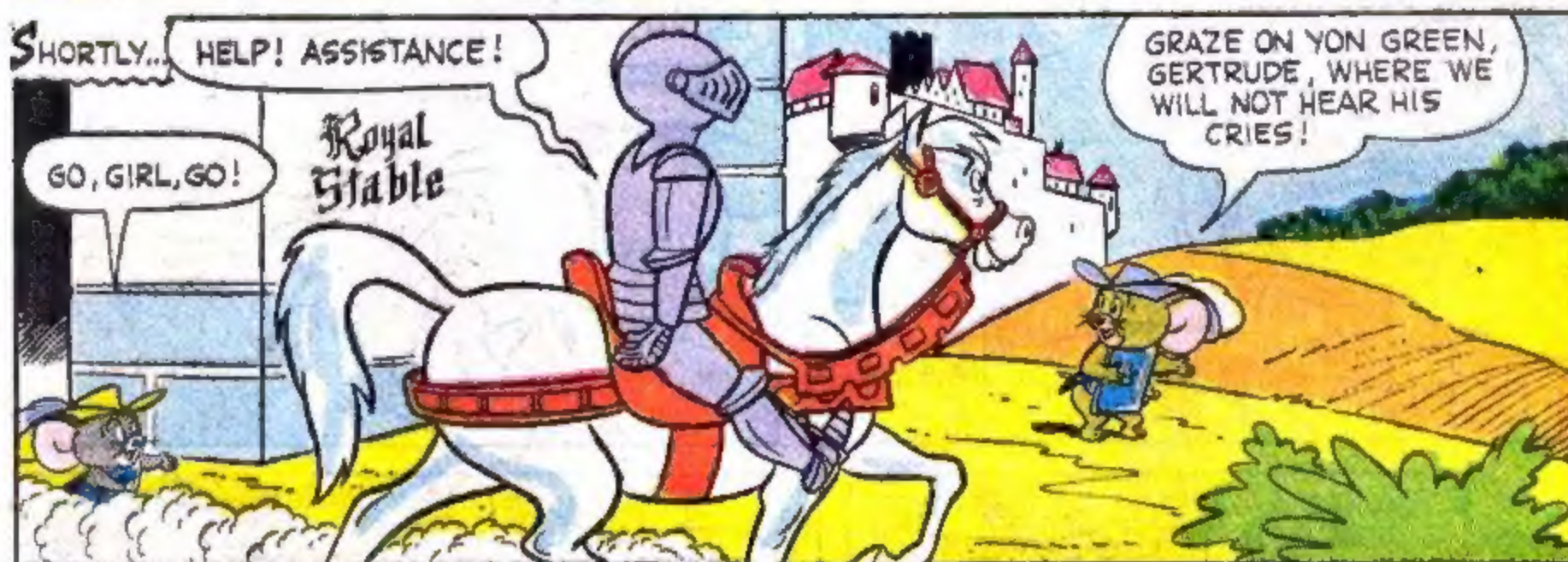
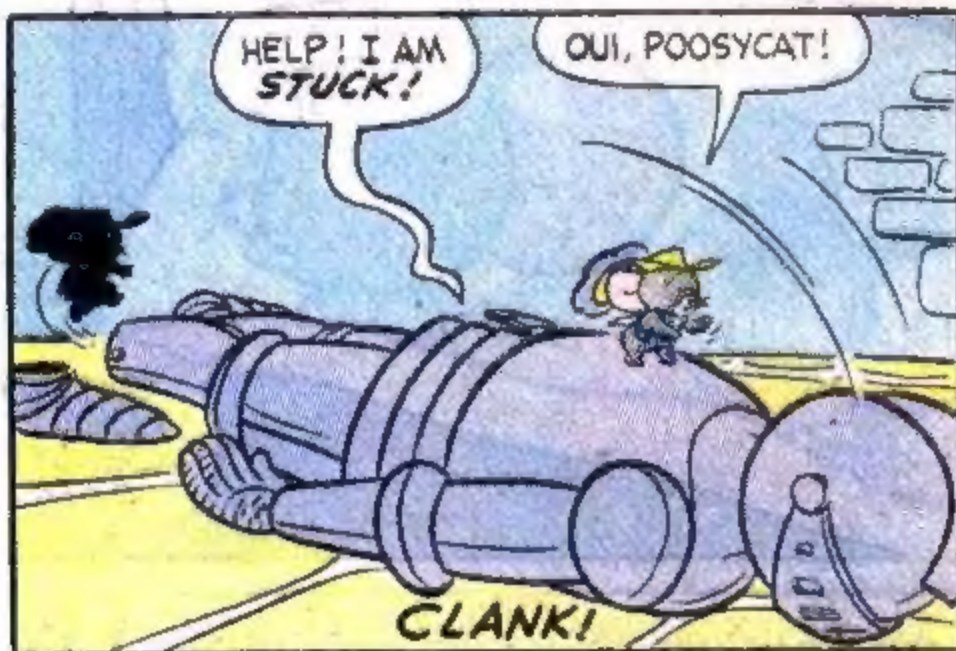
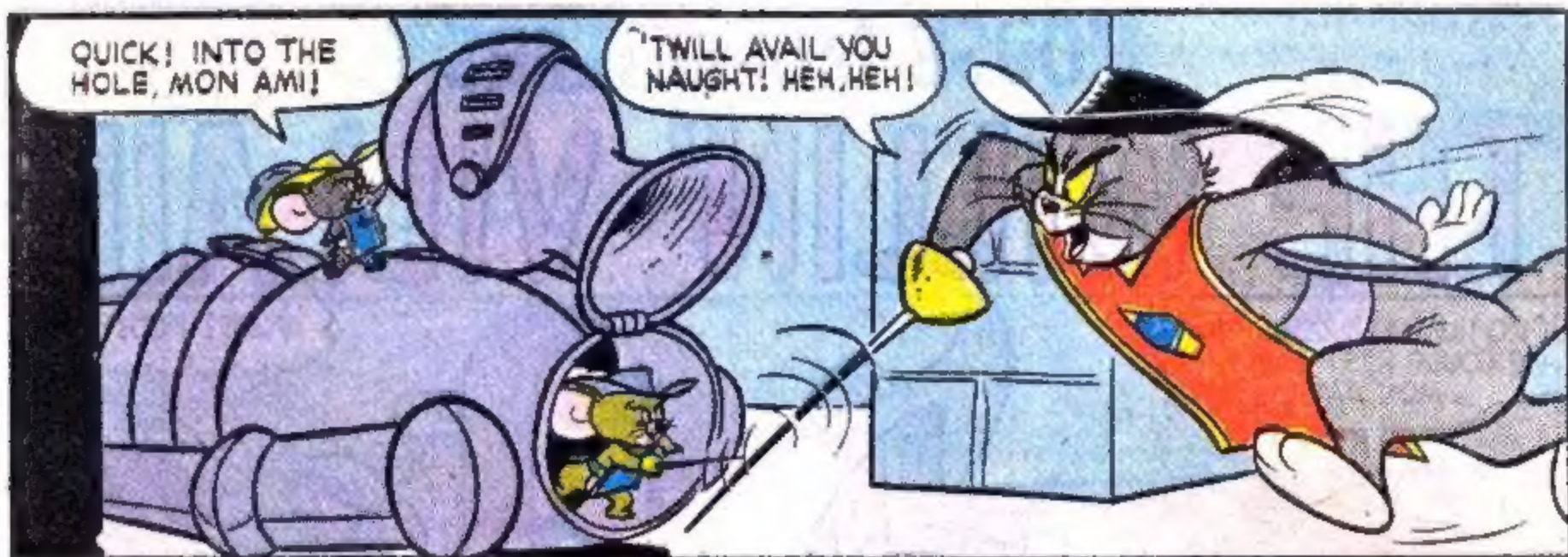
# MOUSE MUSKETEERS

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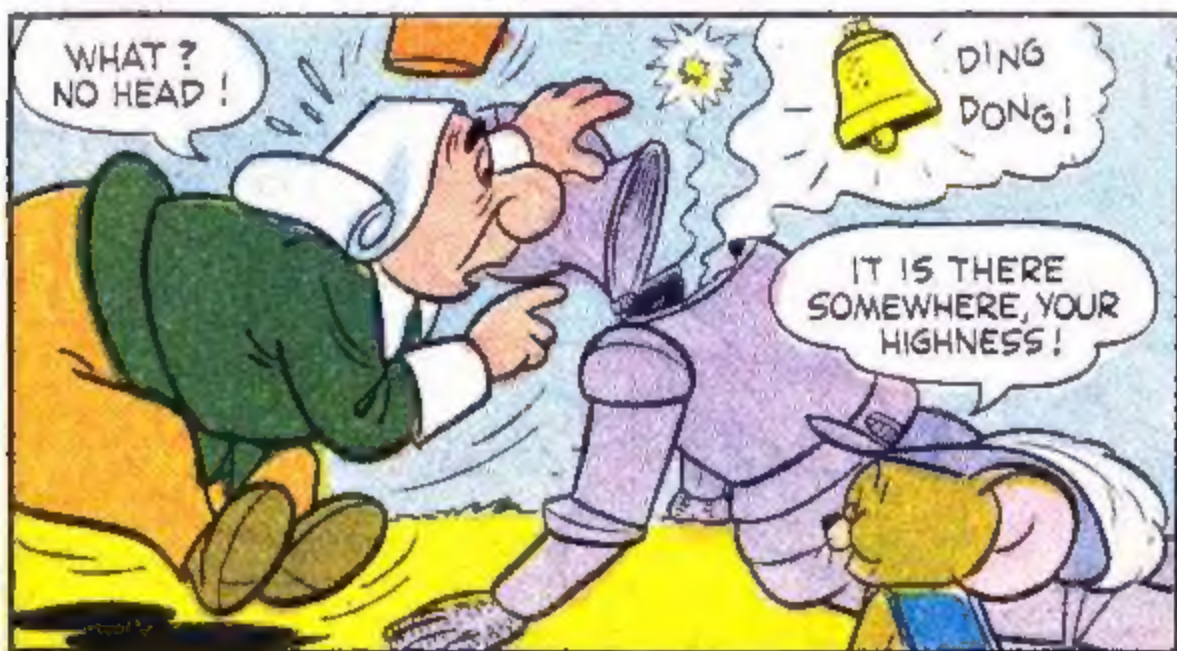
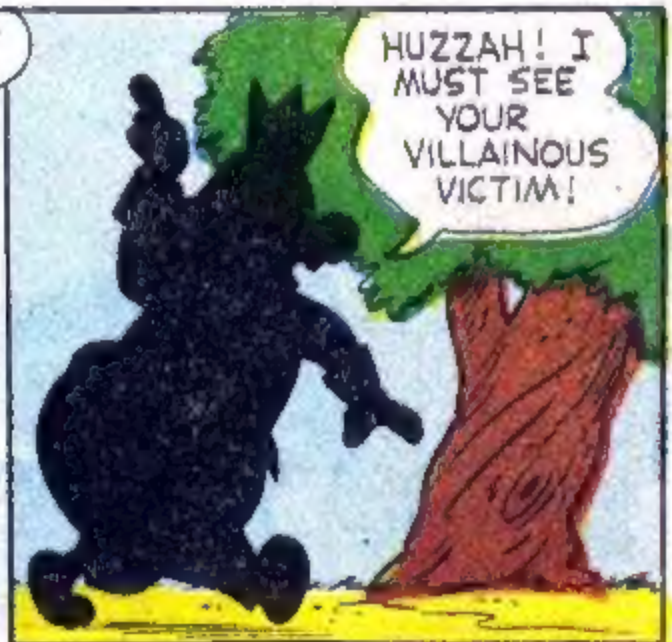
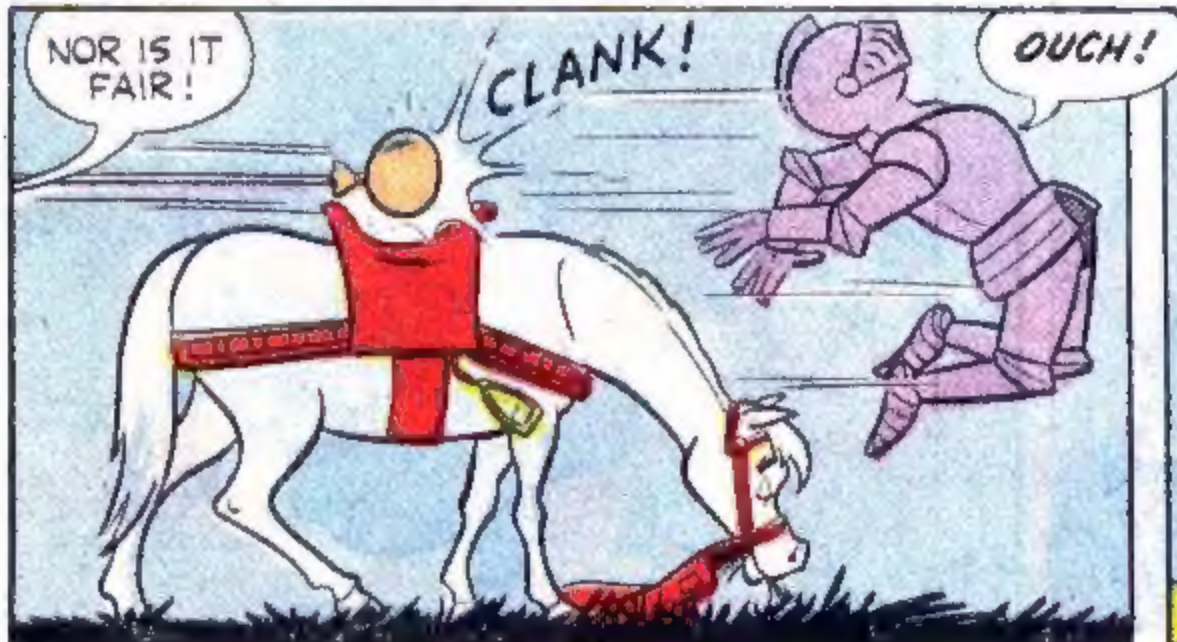
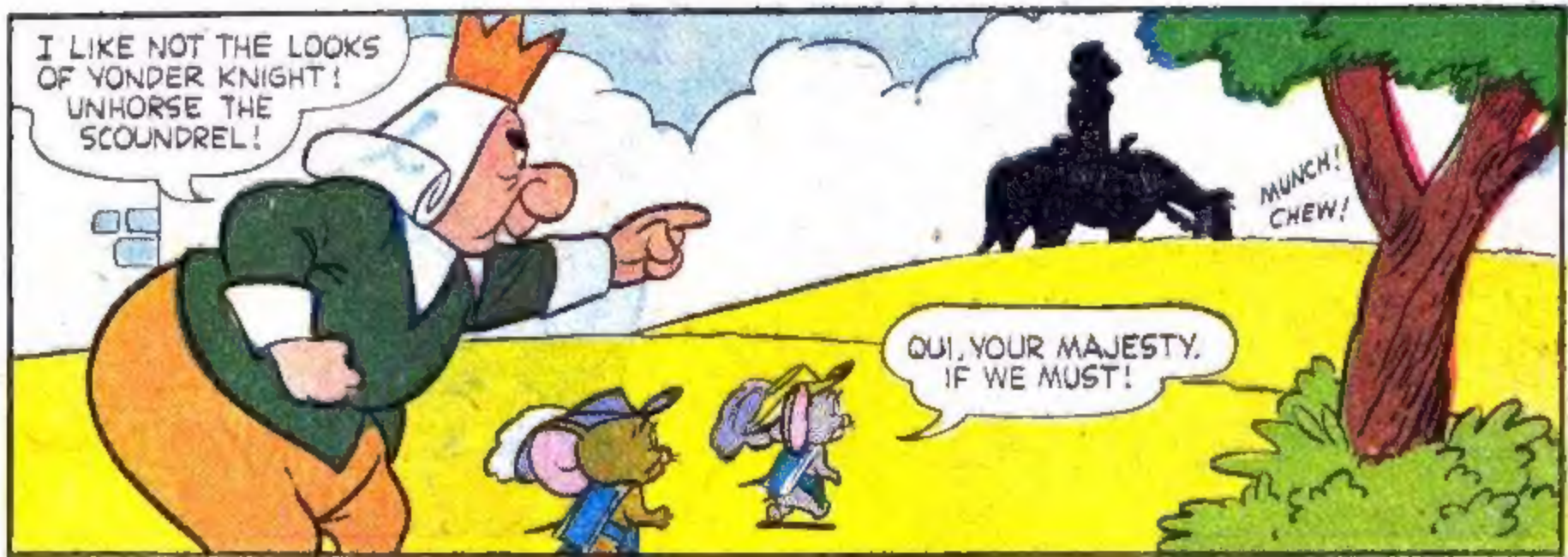


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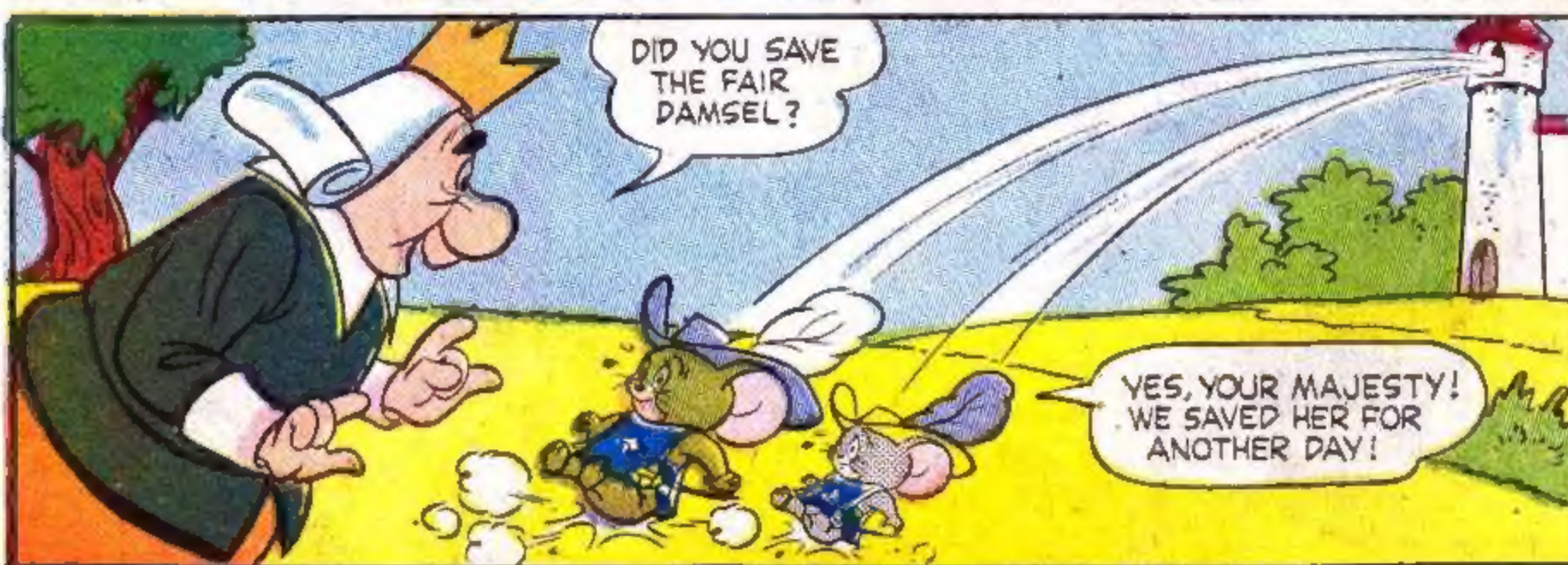
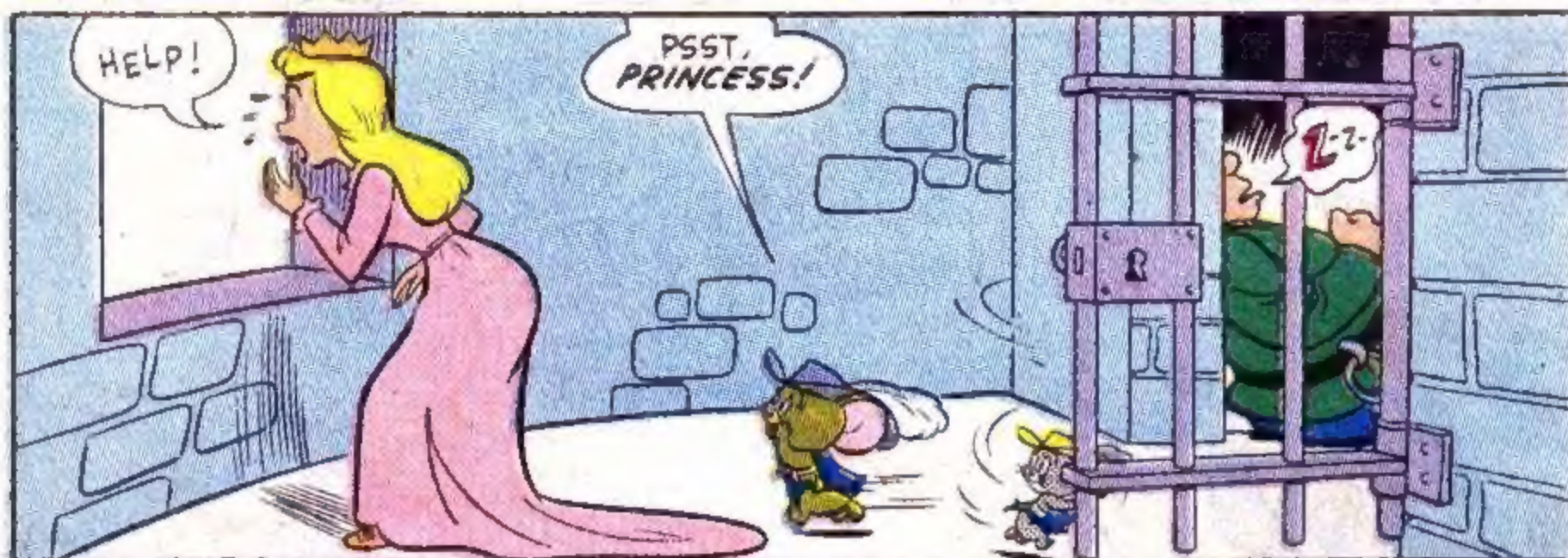




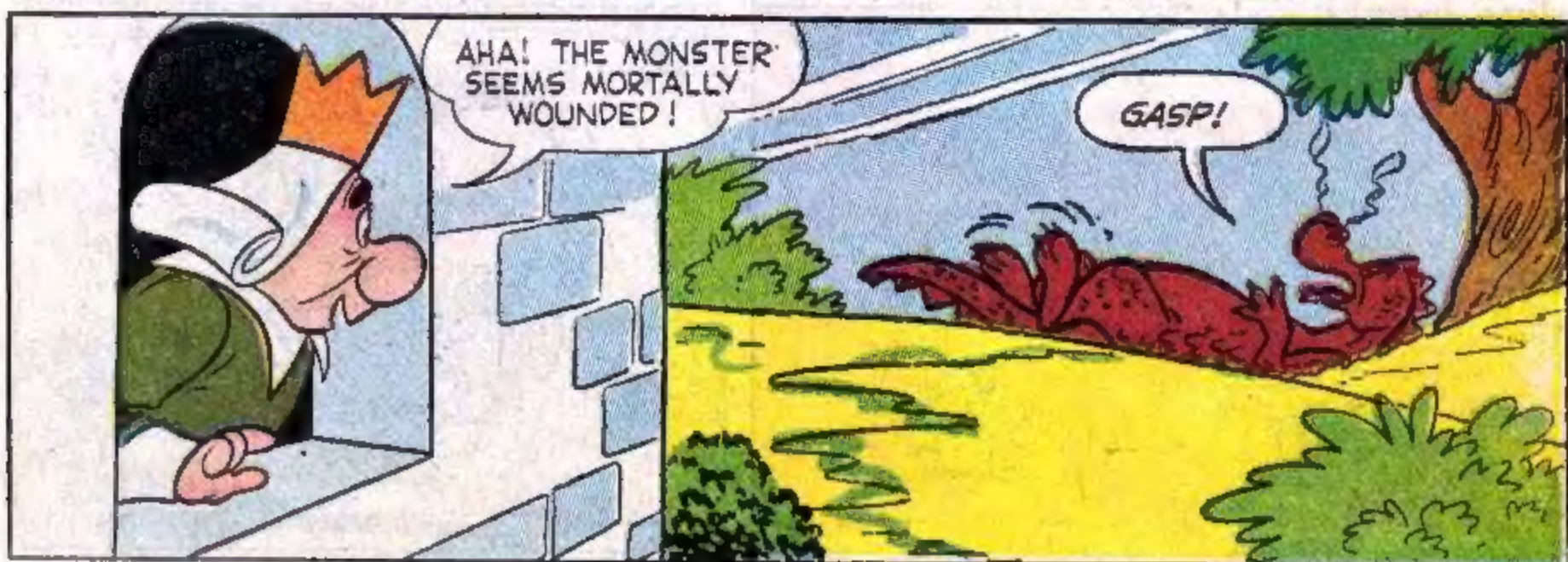
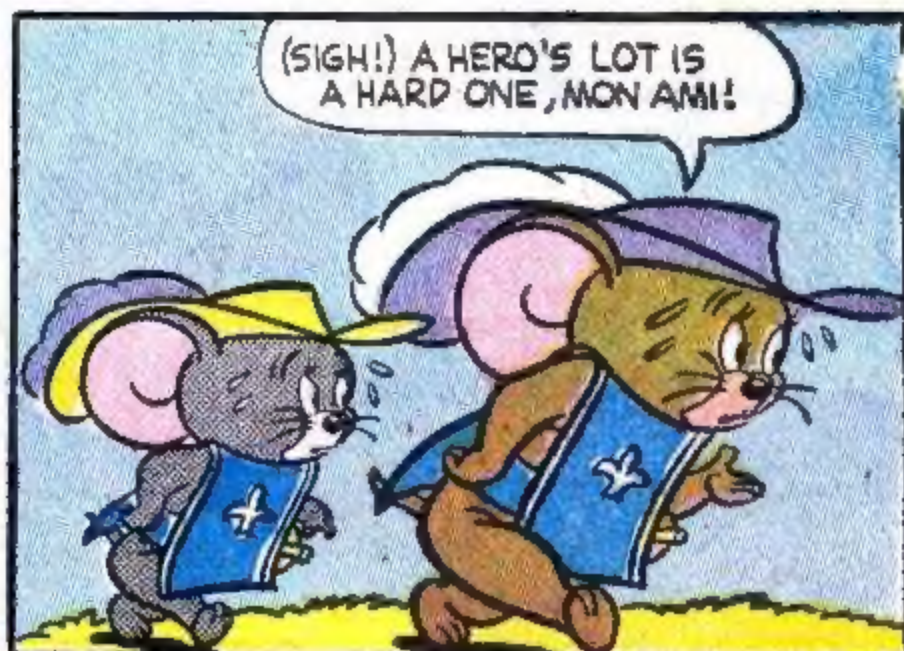




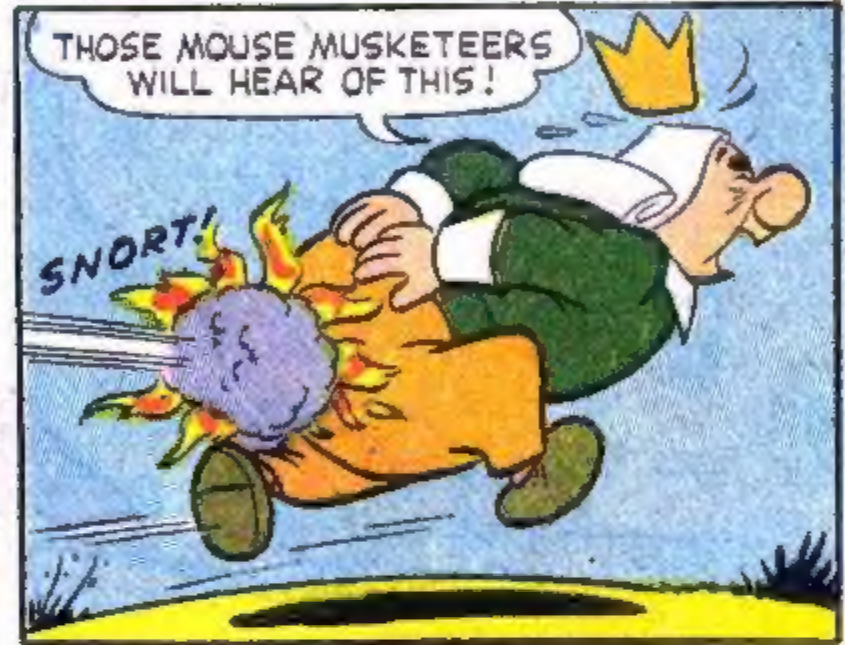
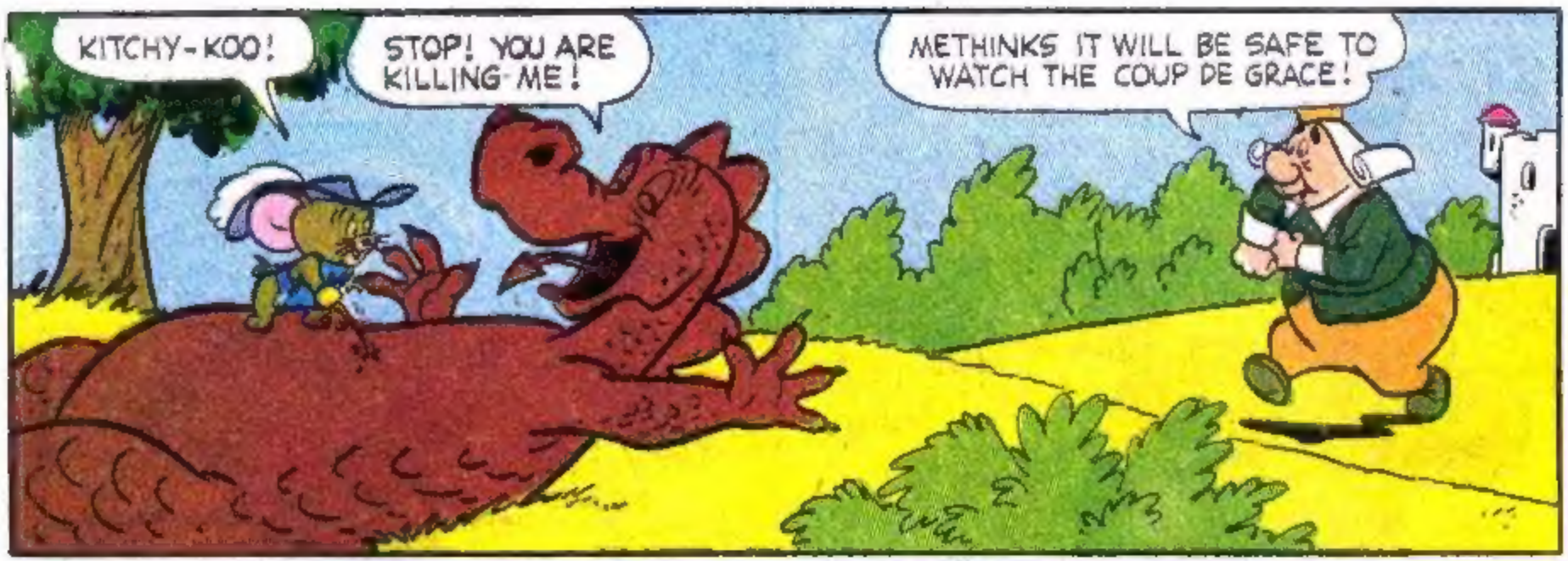




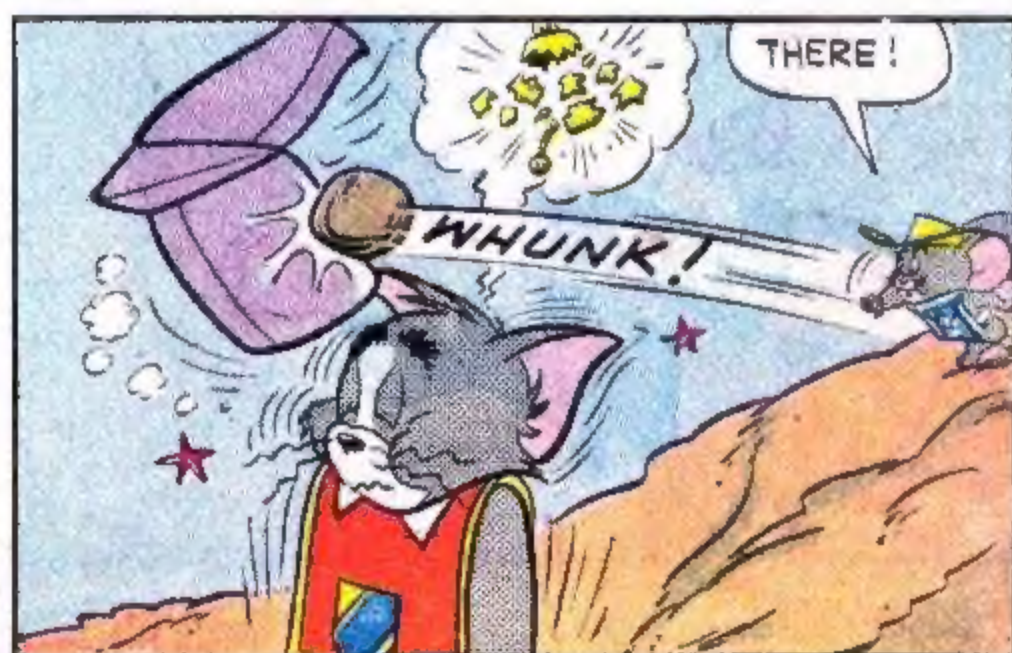
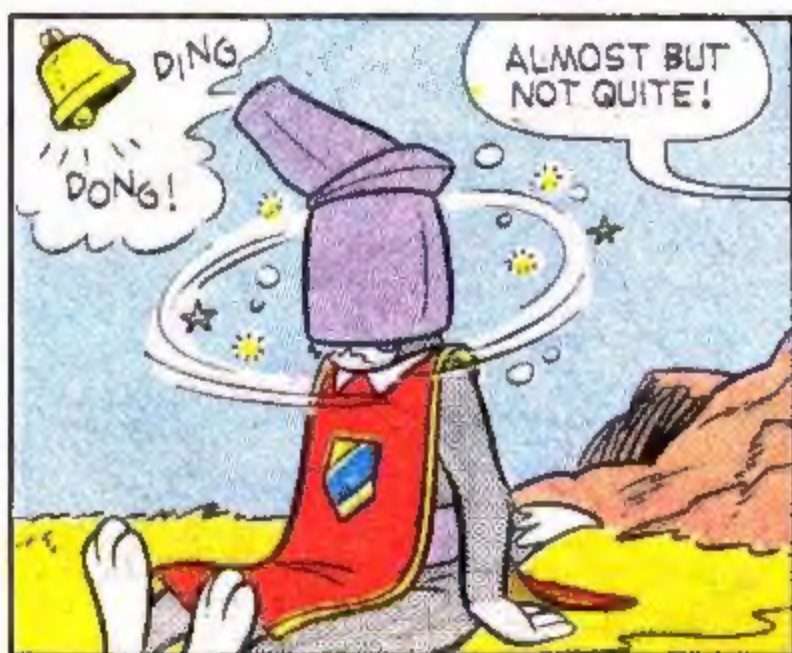
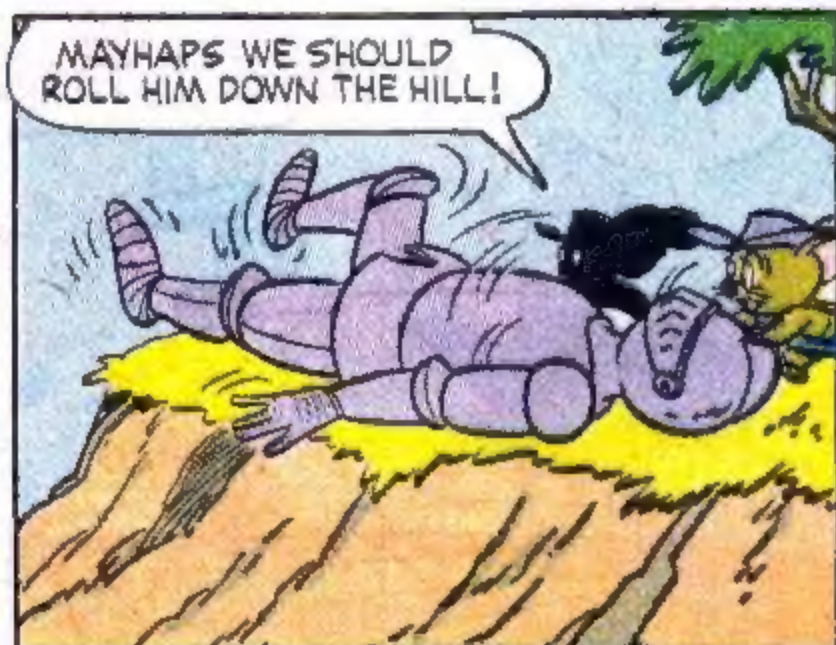
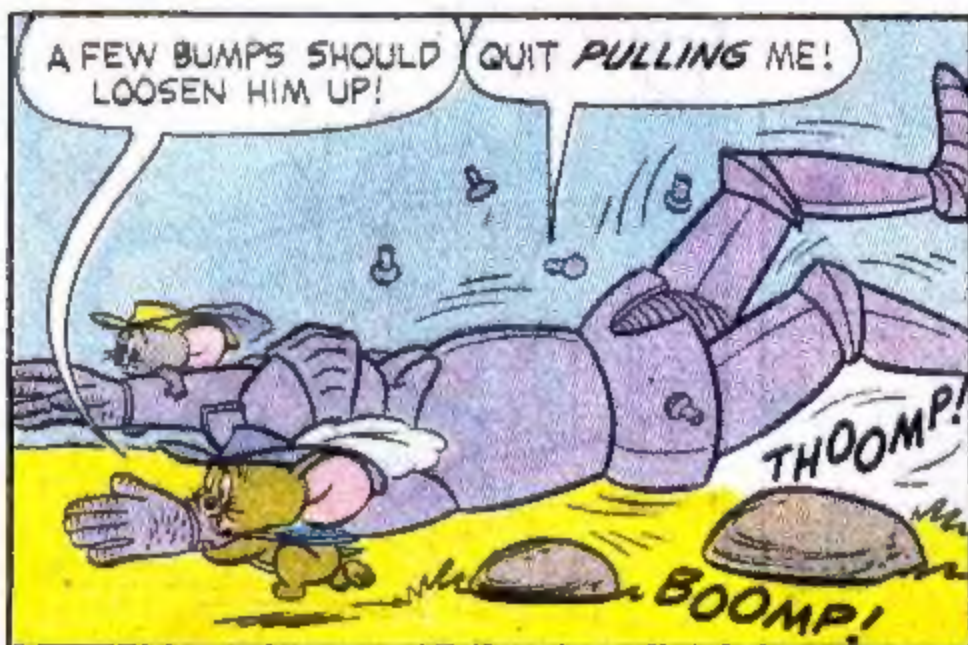
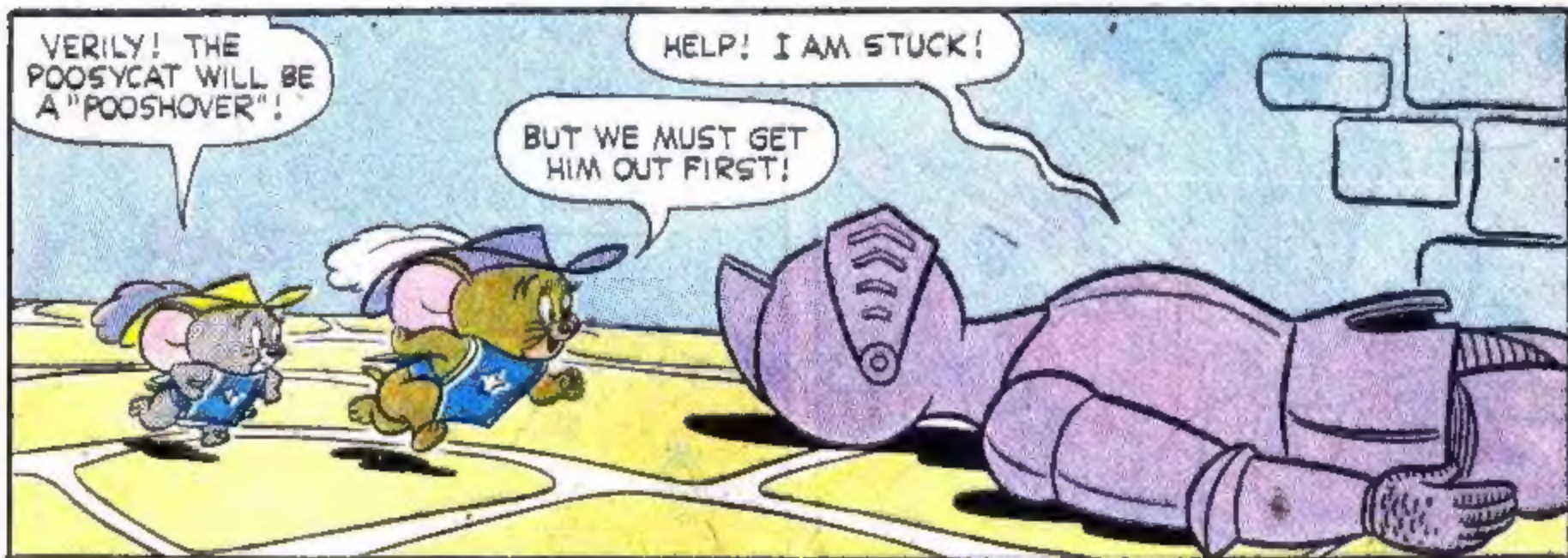




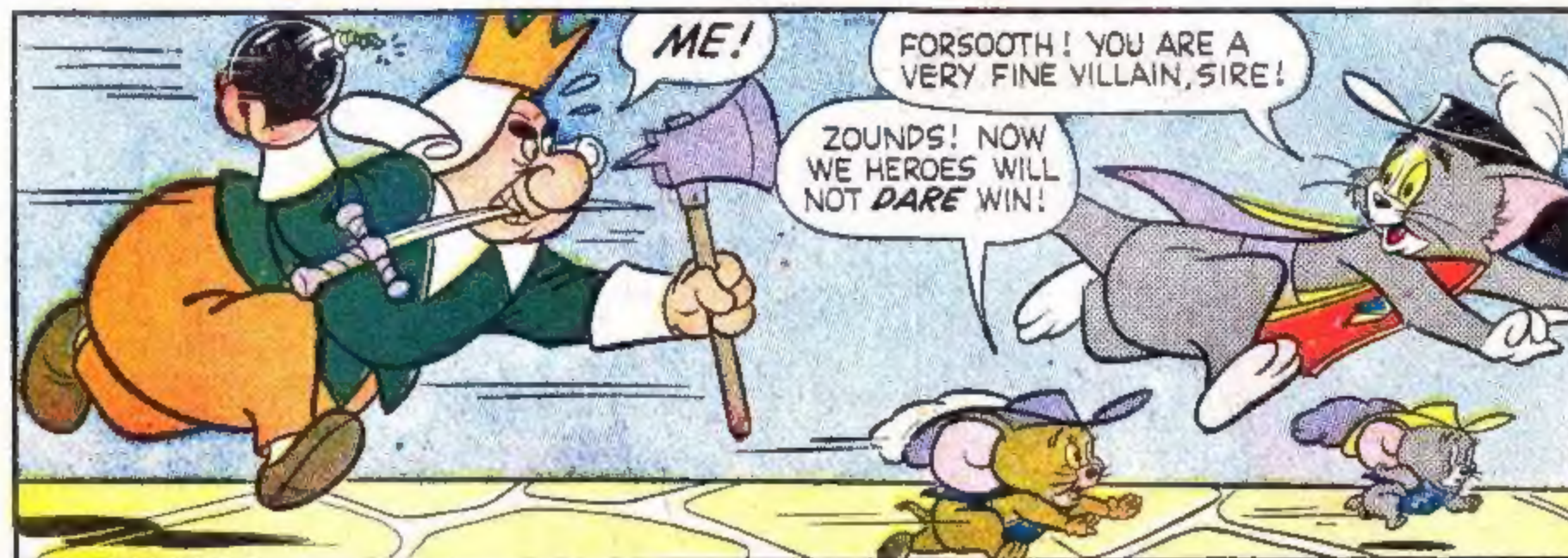
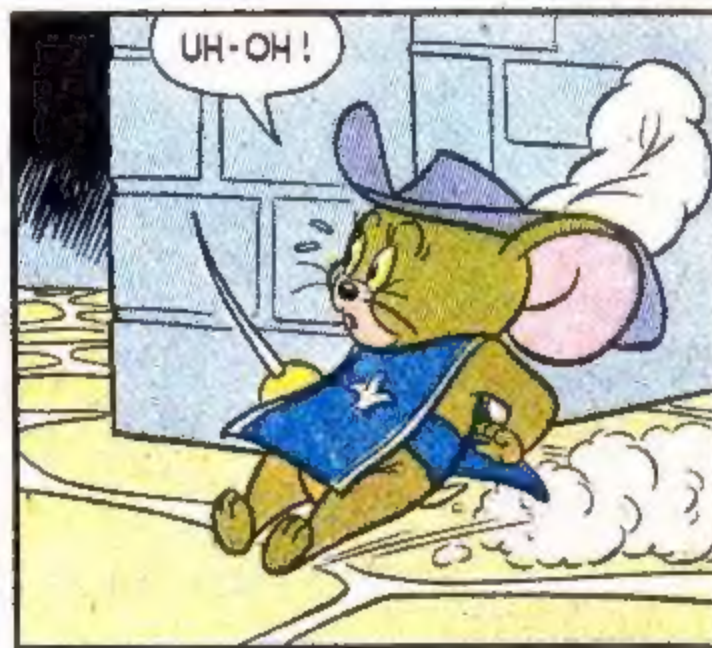
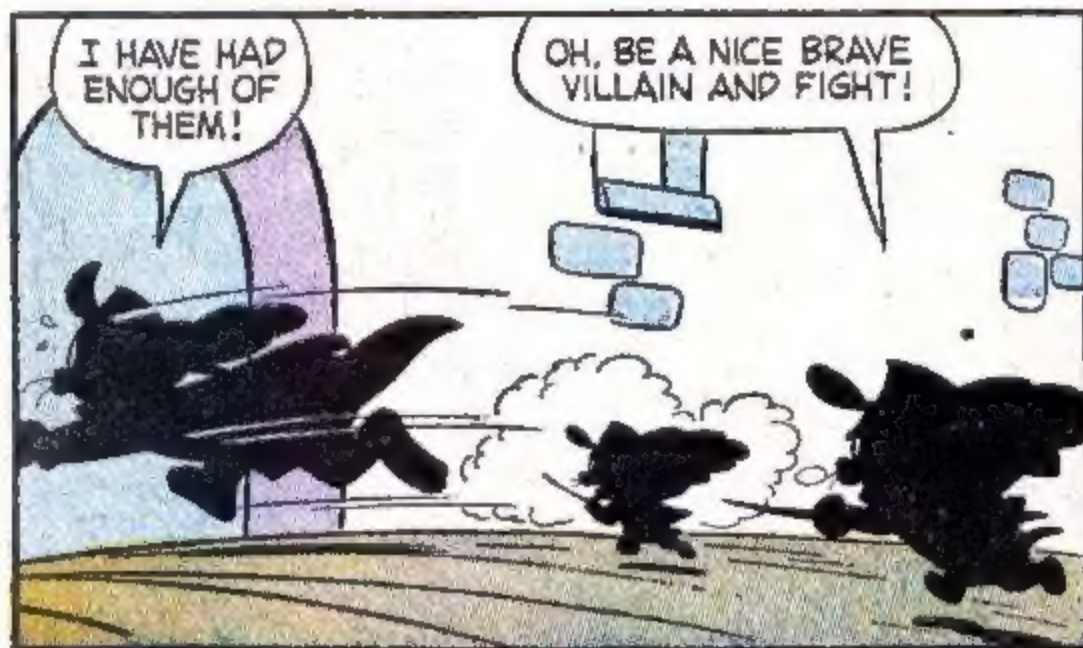
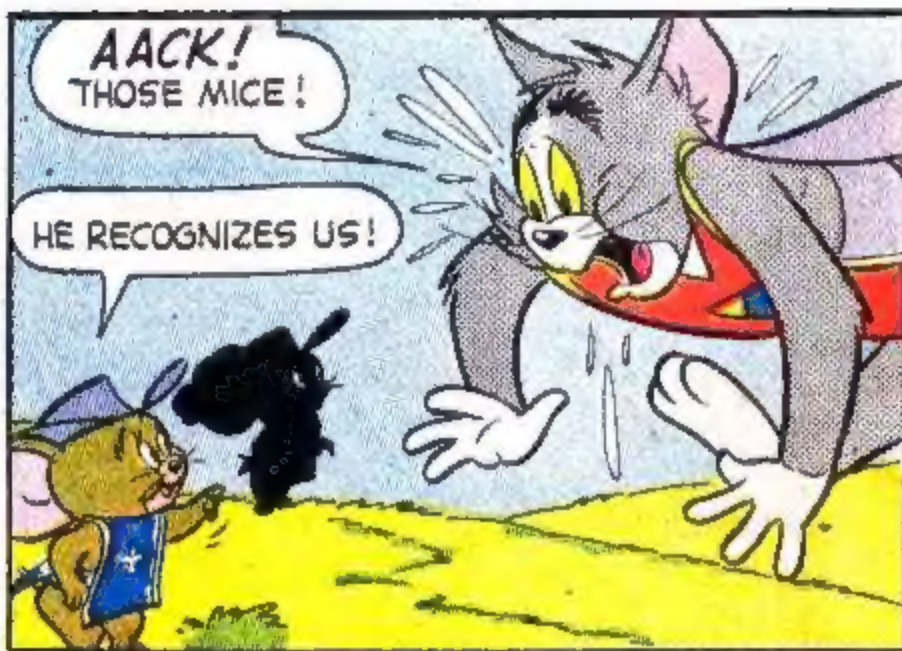
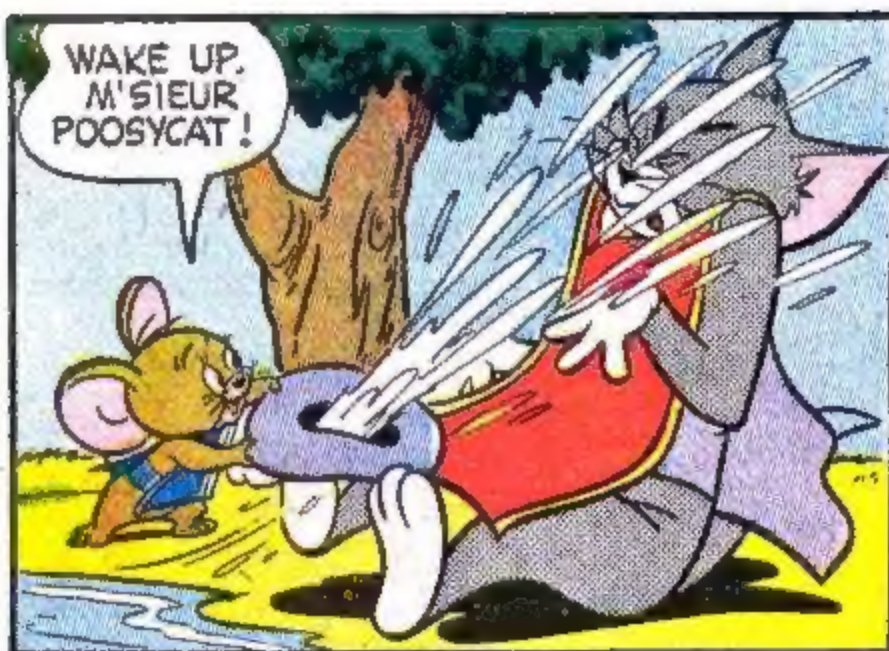








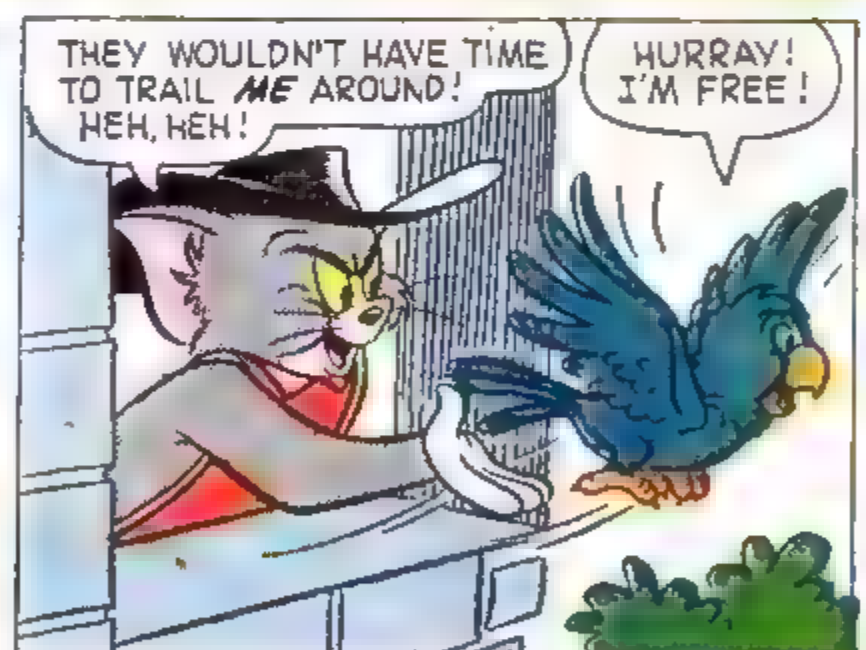
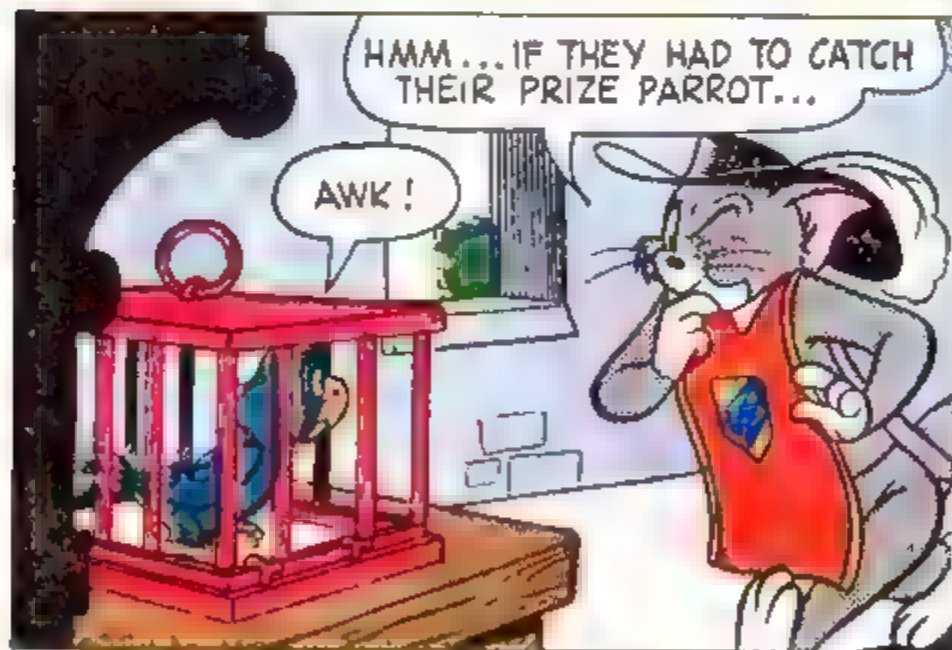
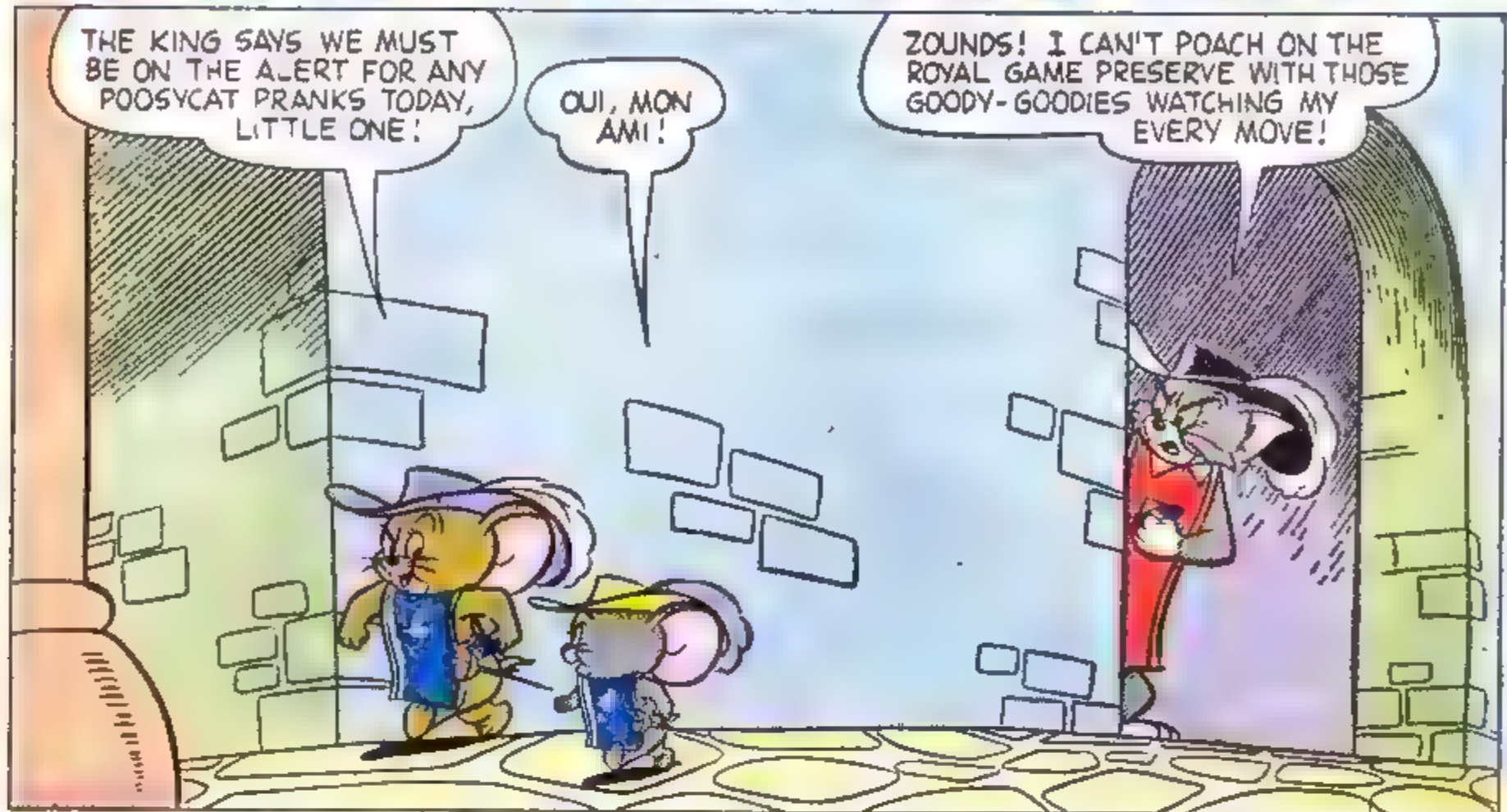




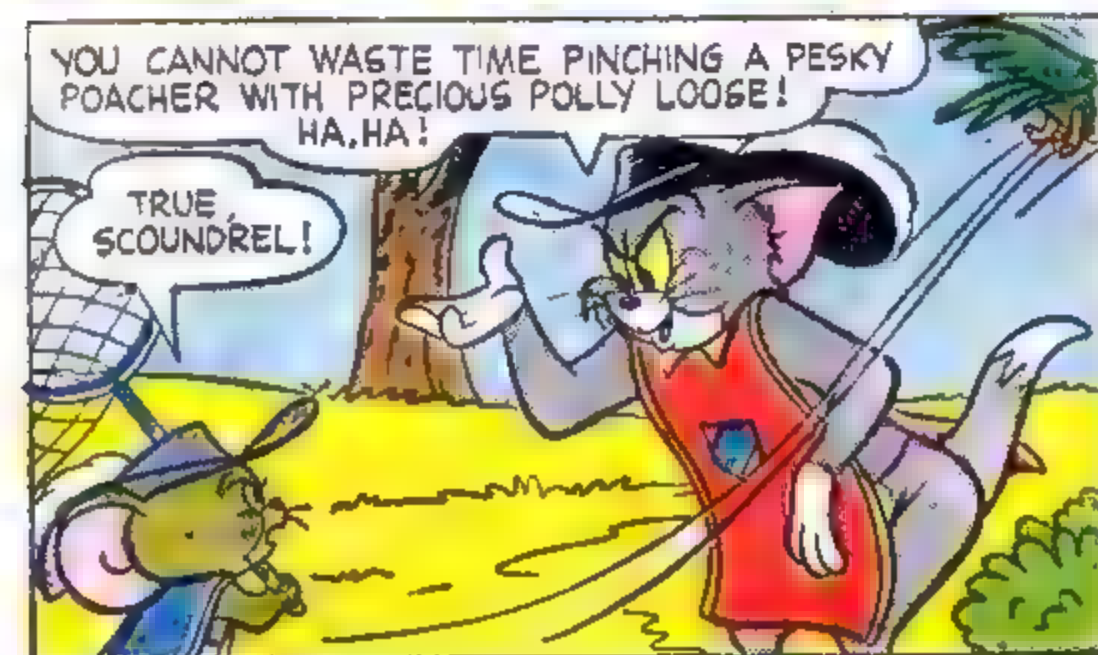
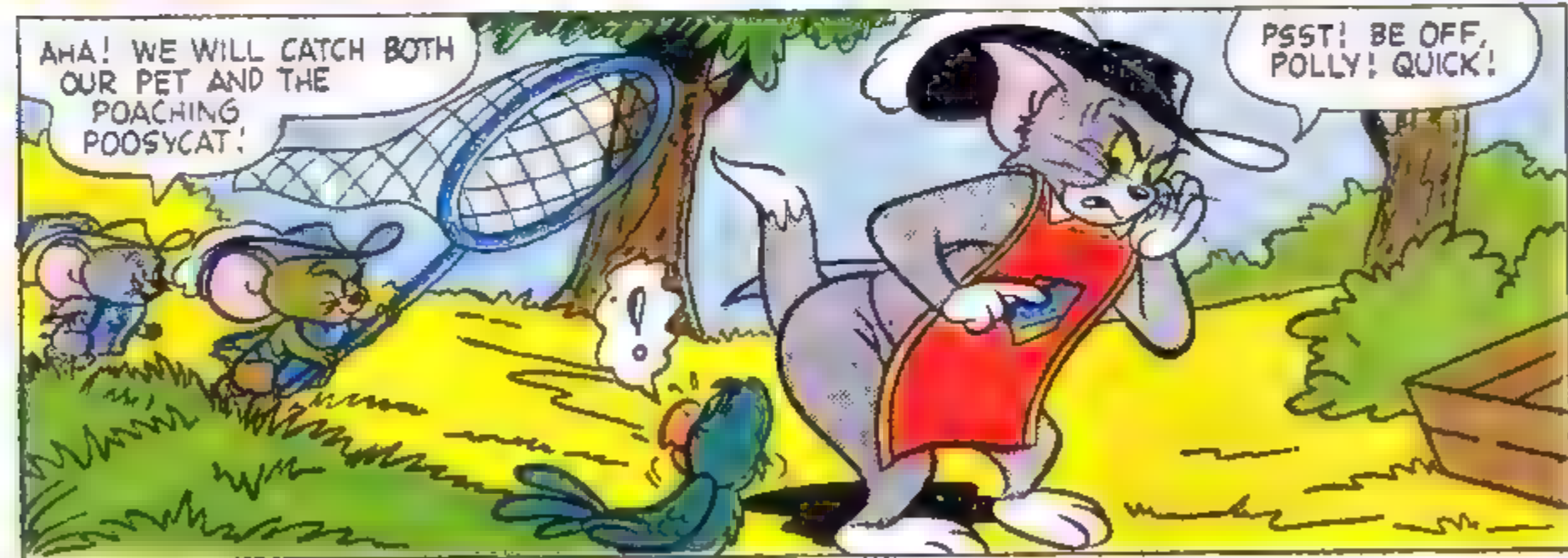
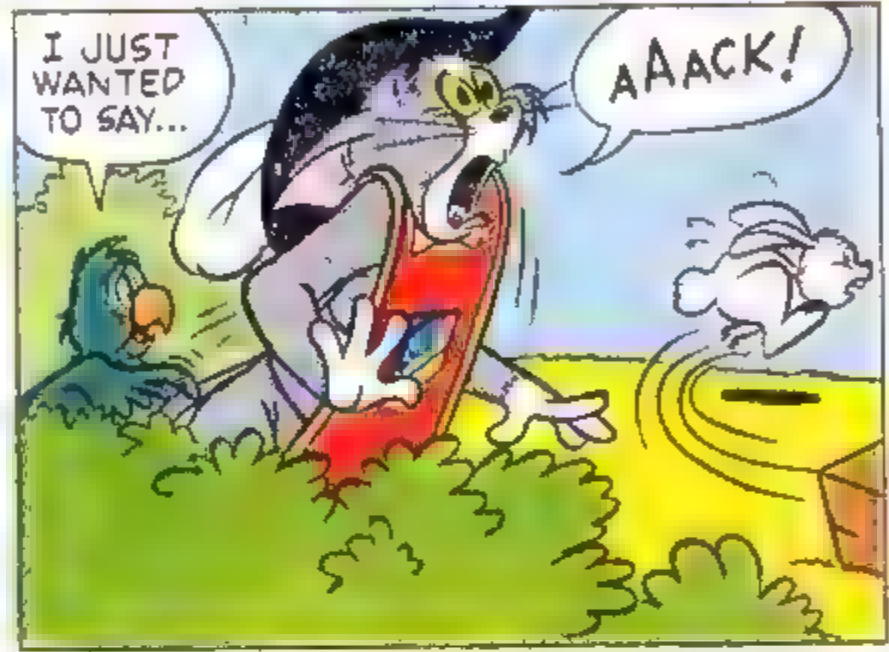
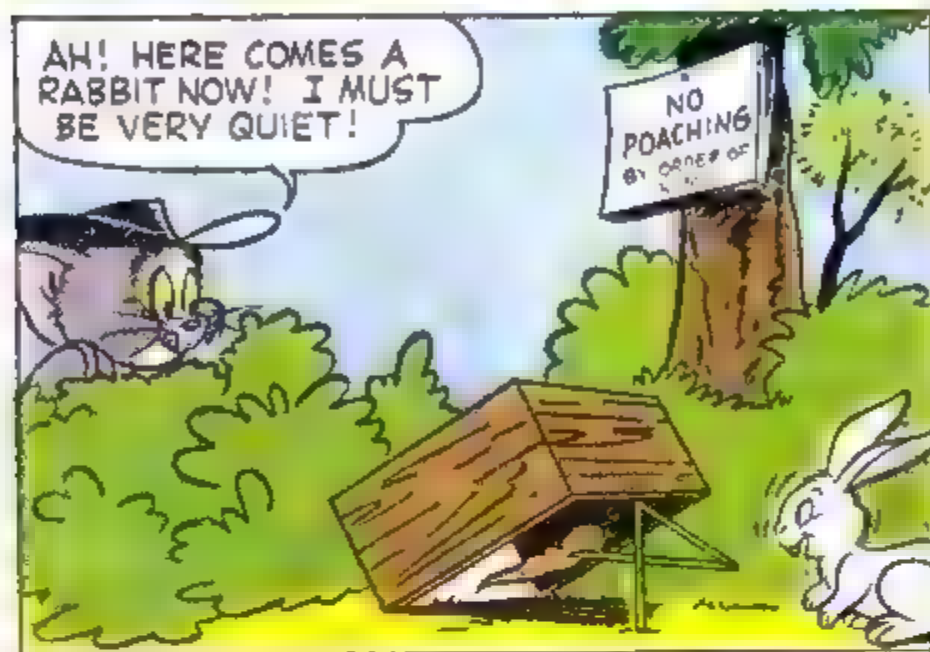
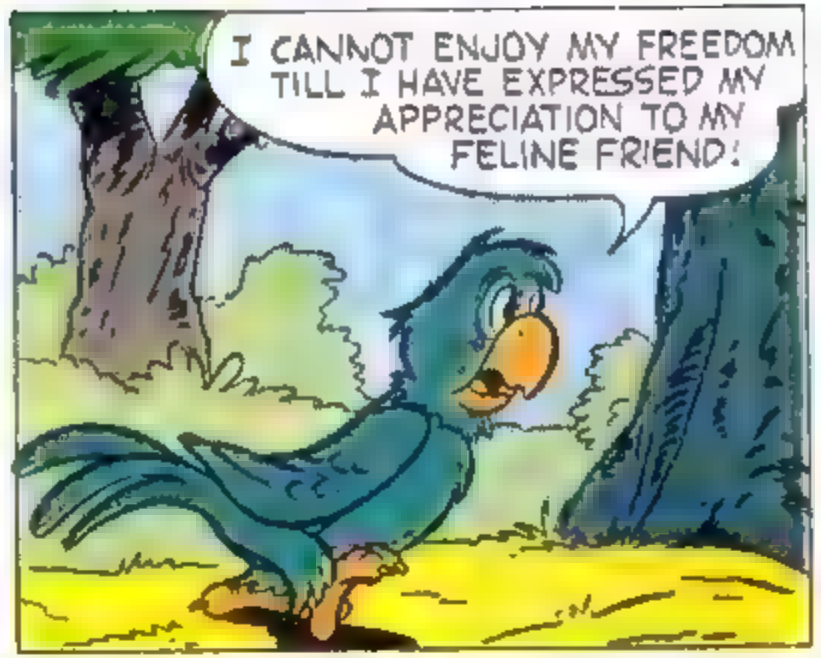
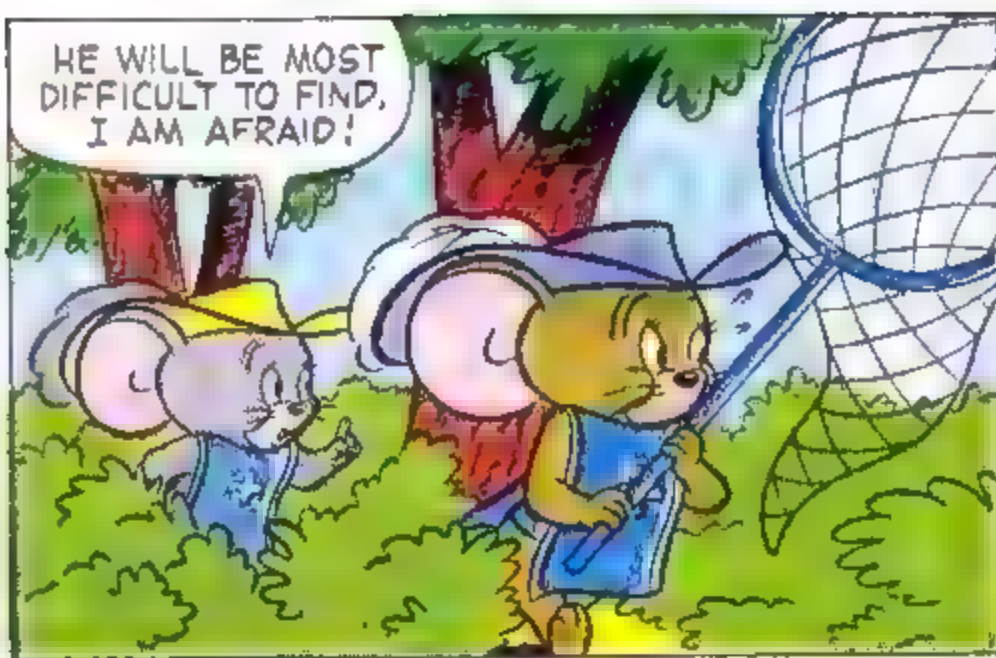


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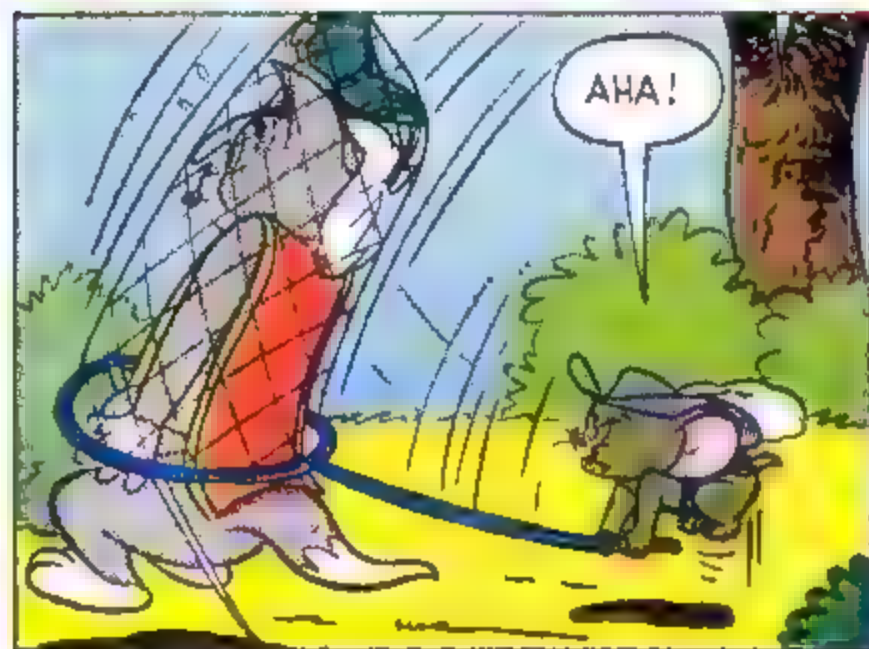
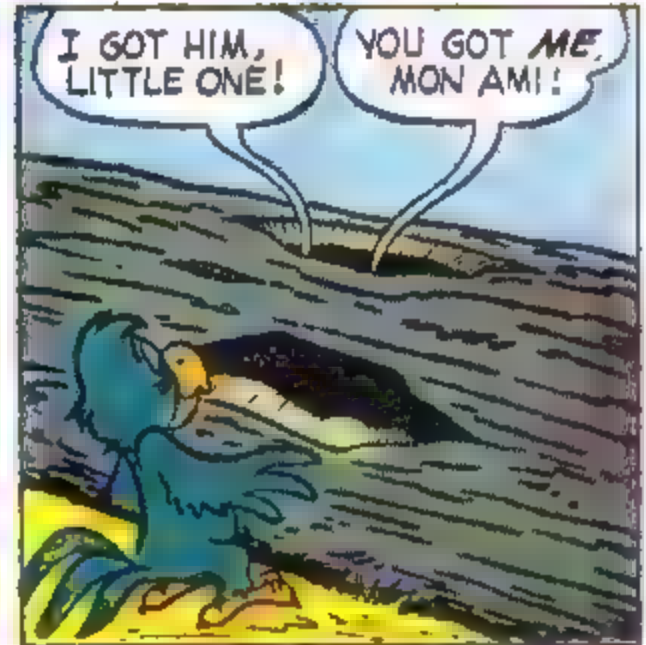
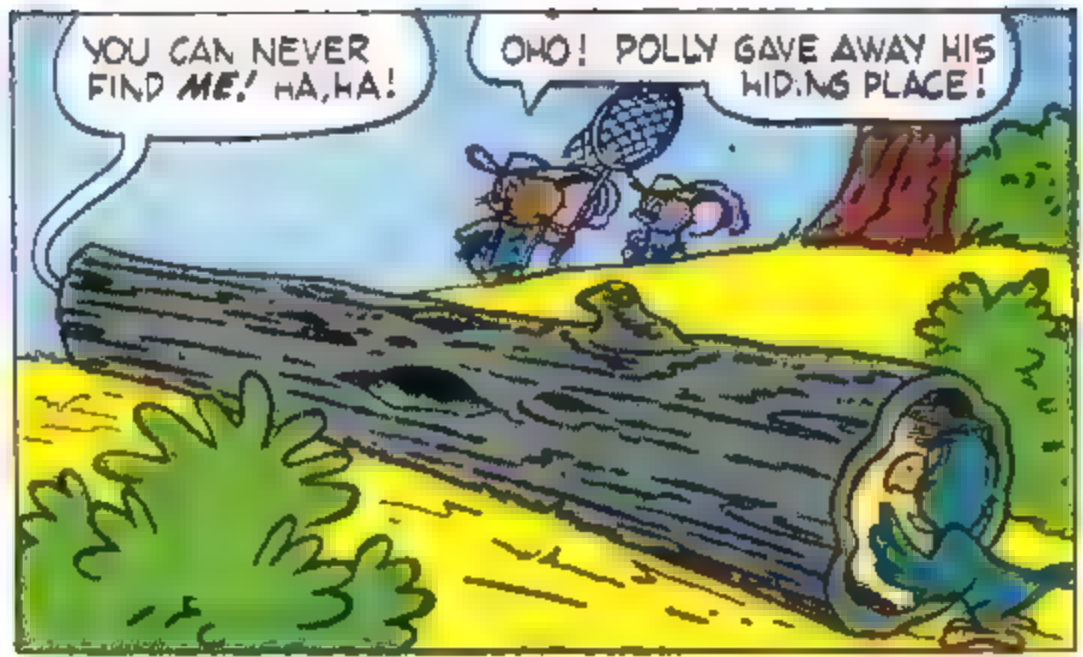
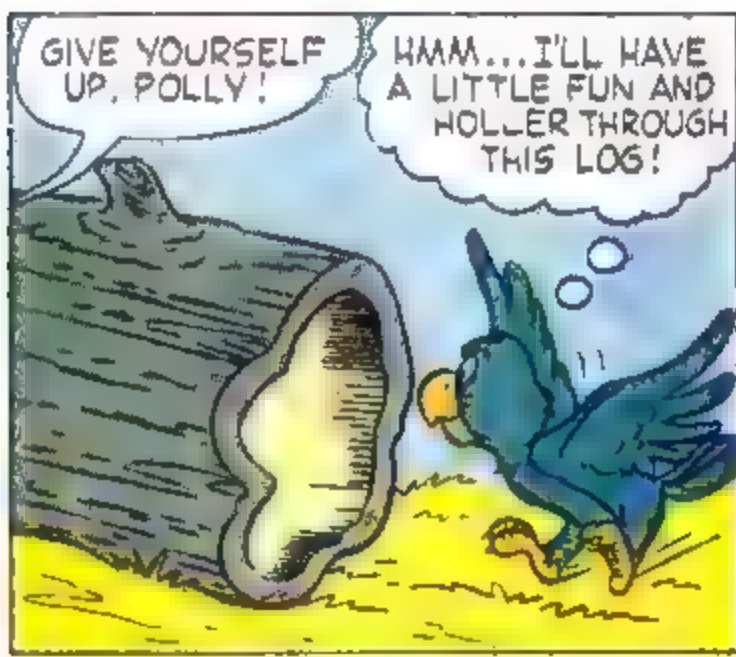
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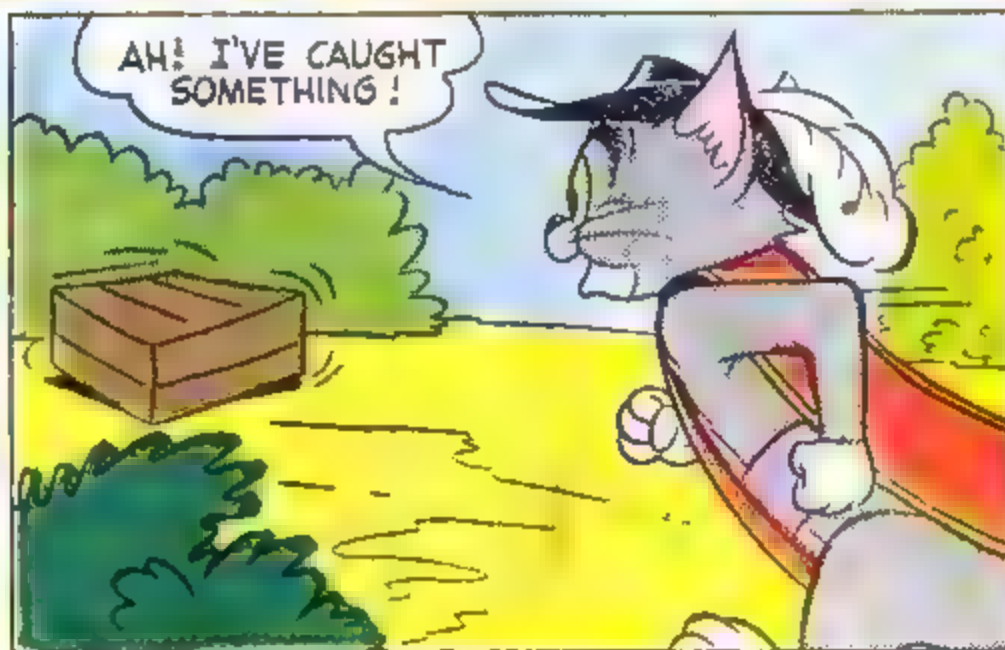
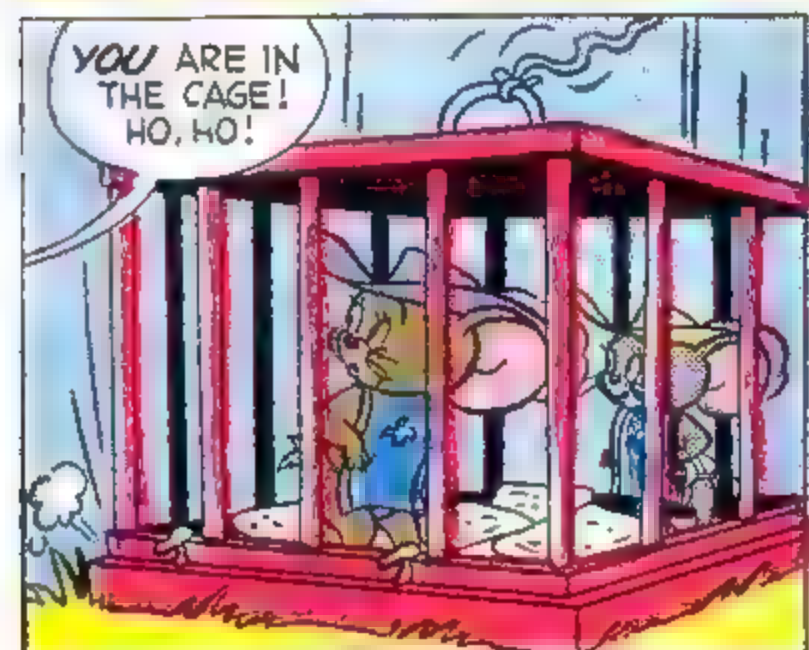
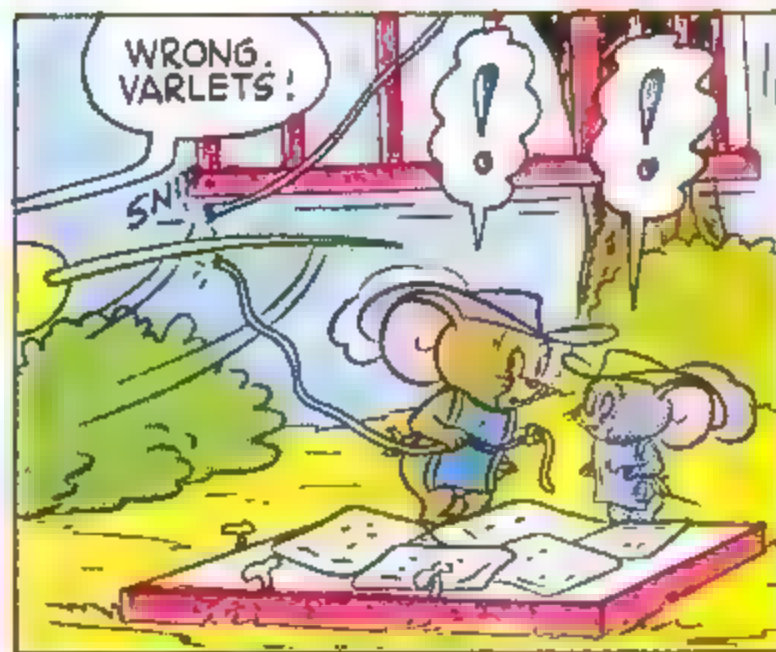
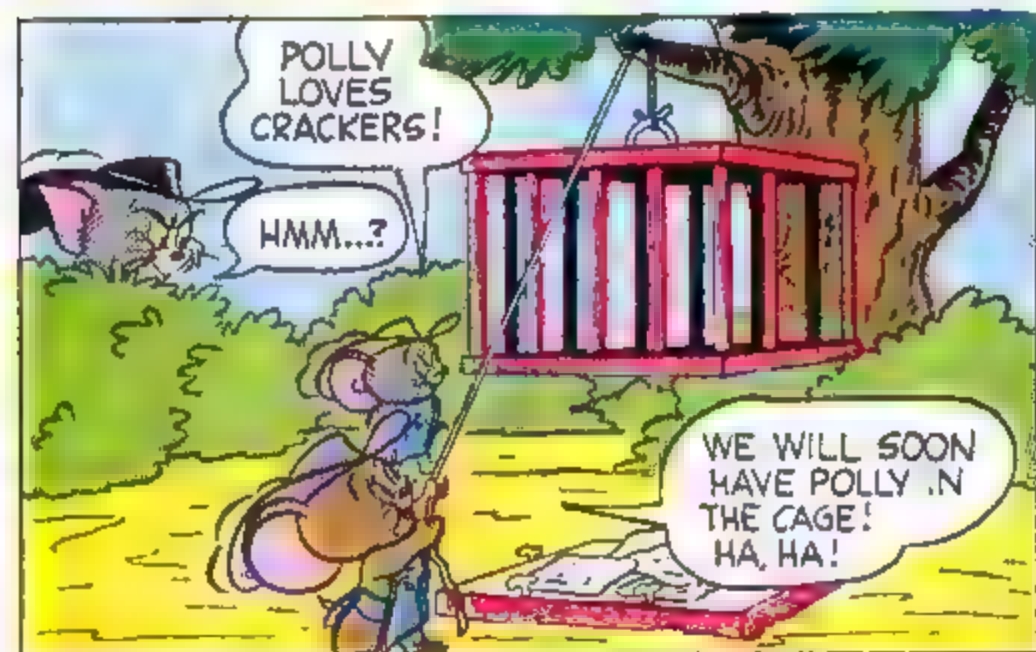
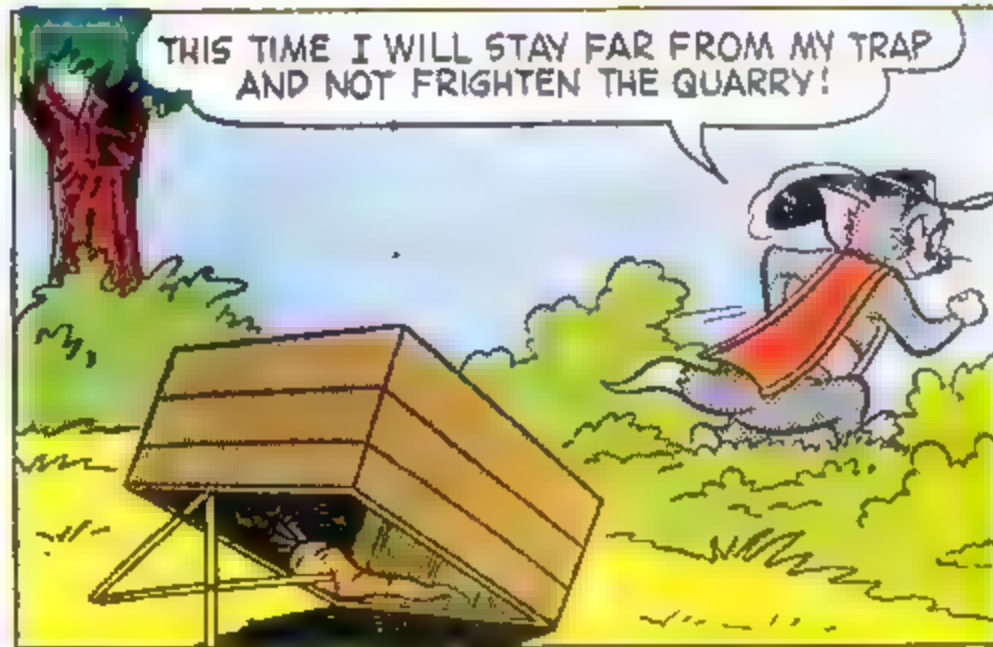
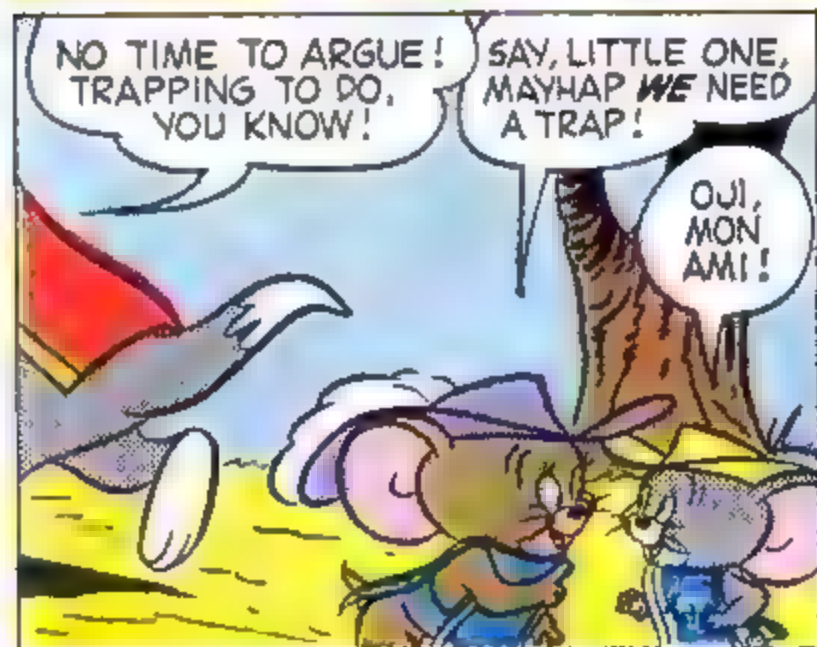
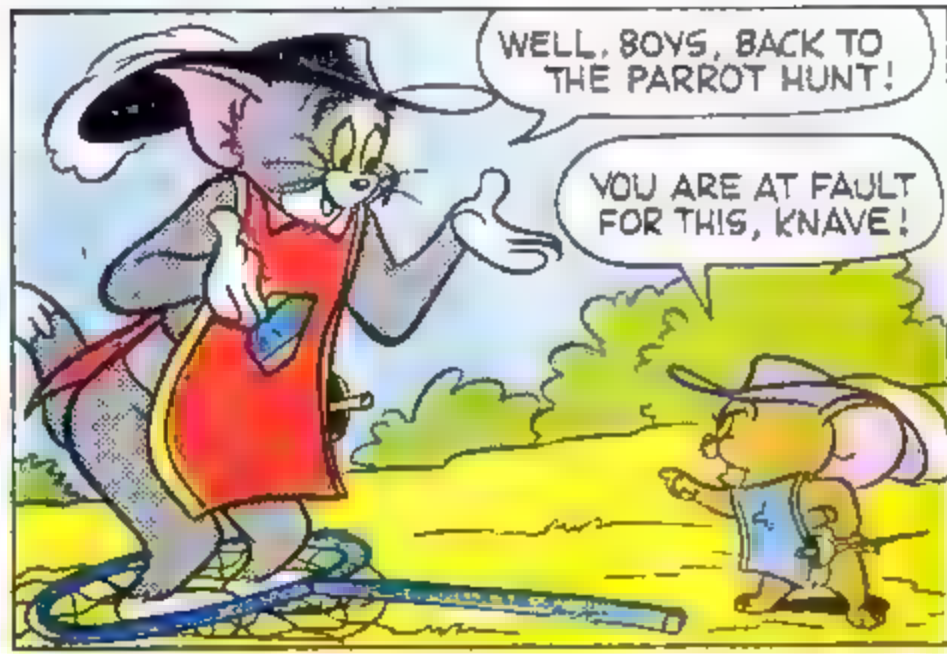
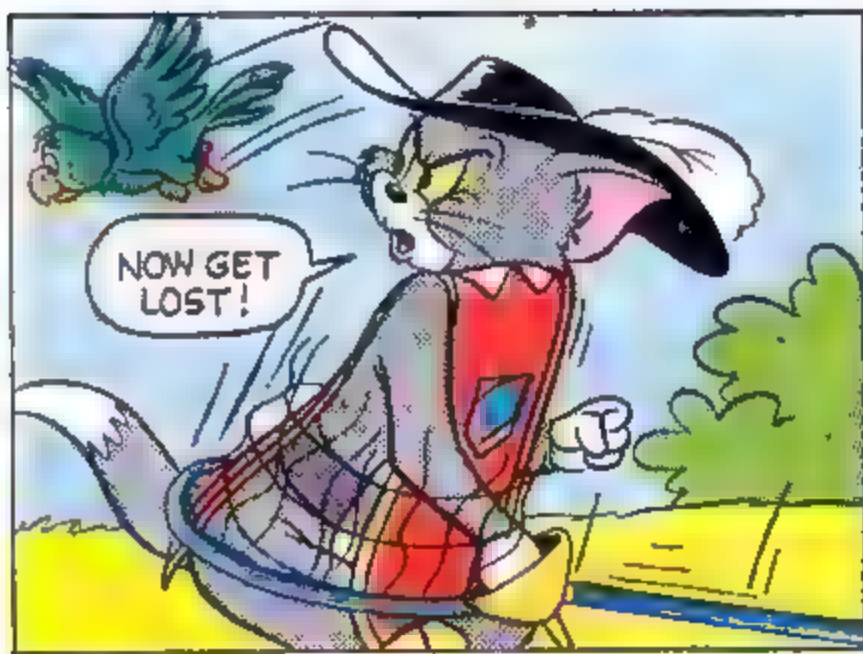




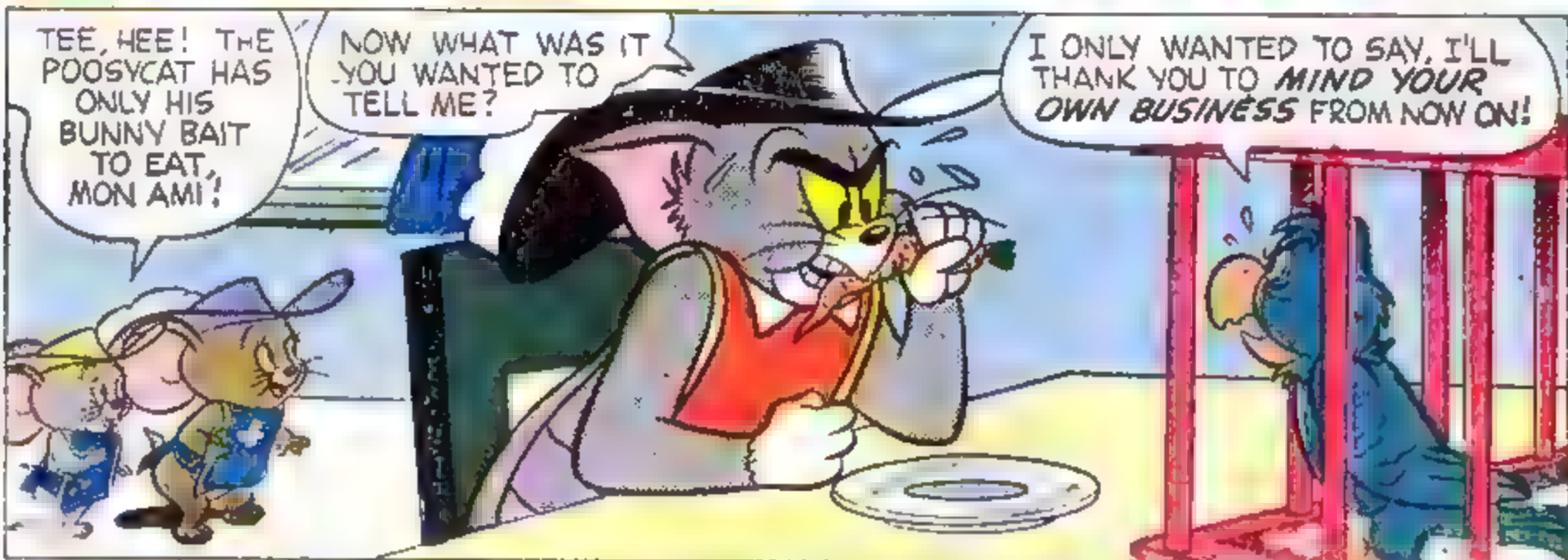
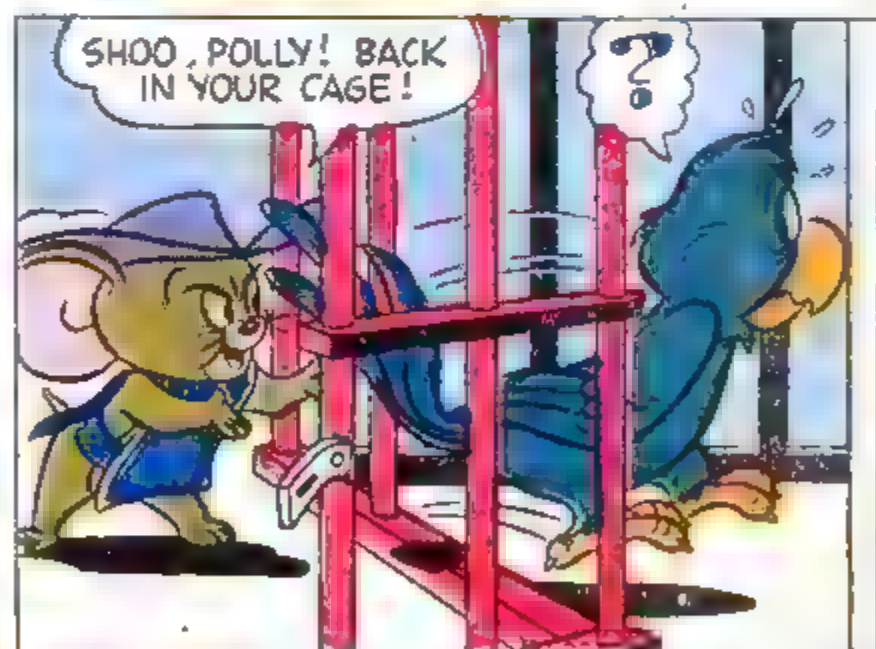
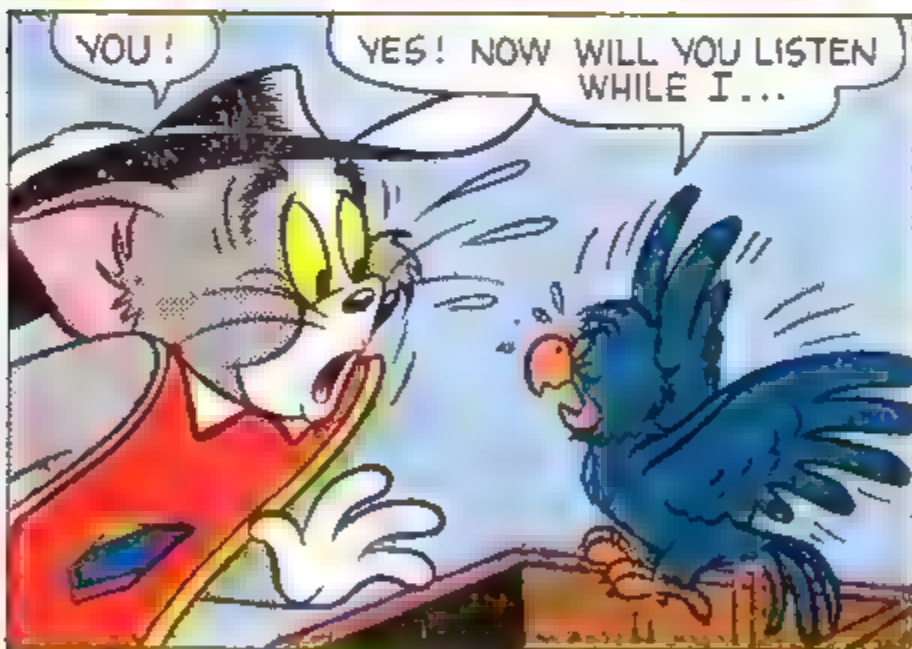
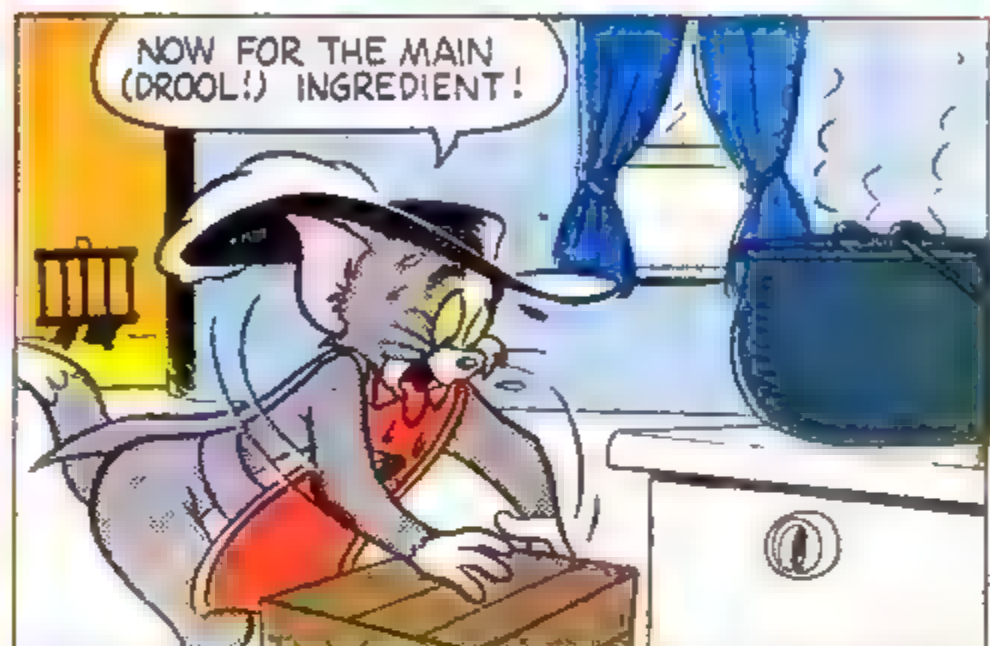
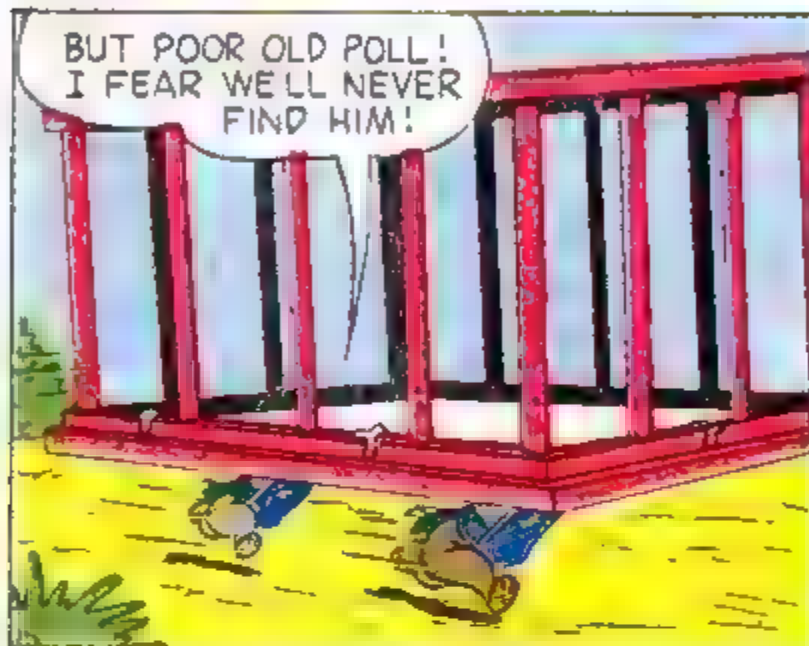
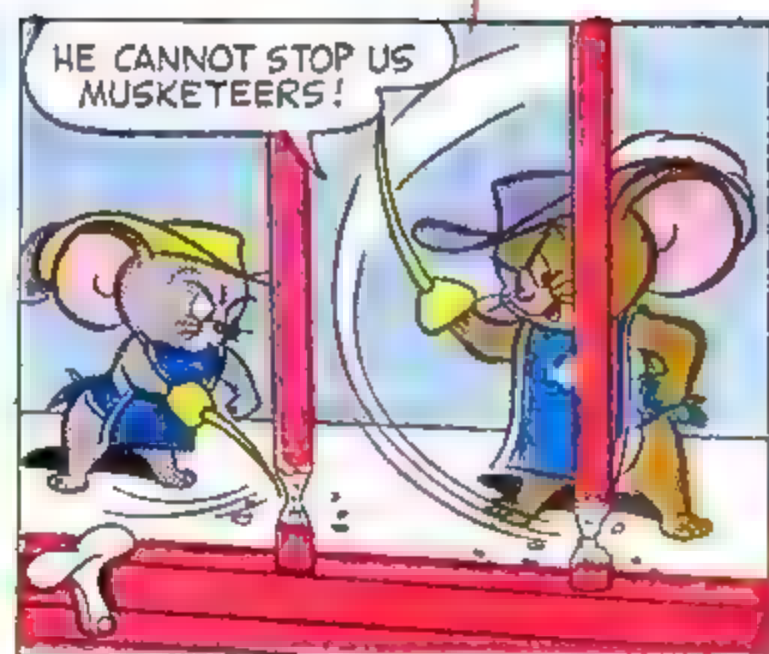
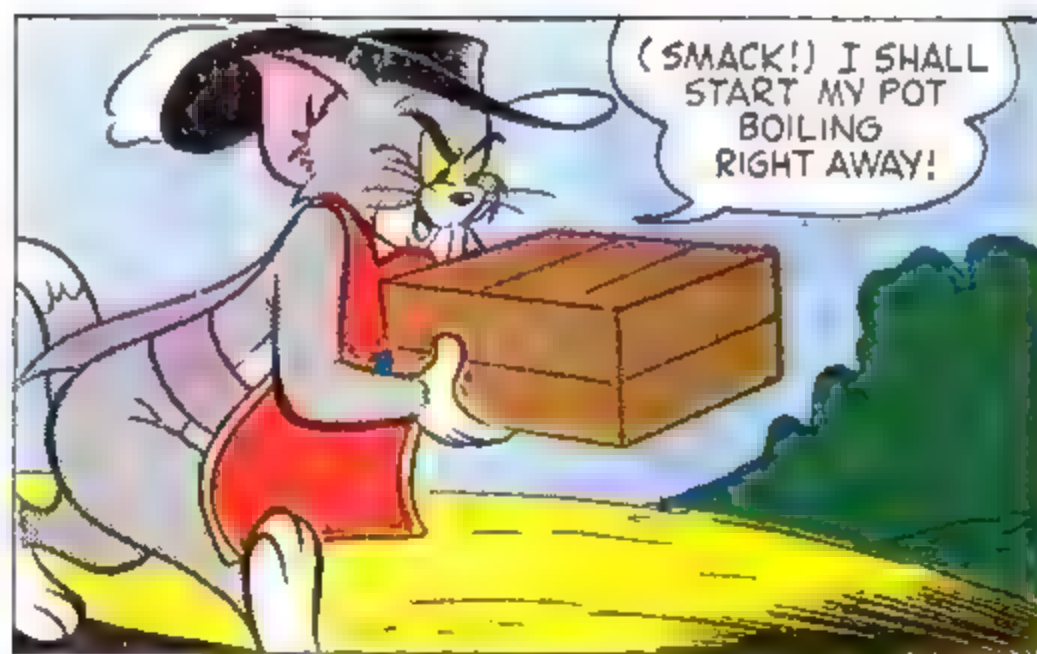








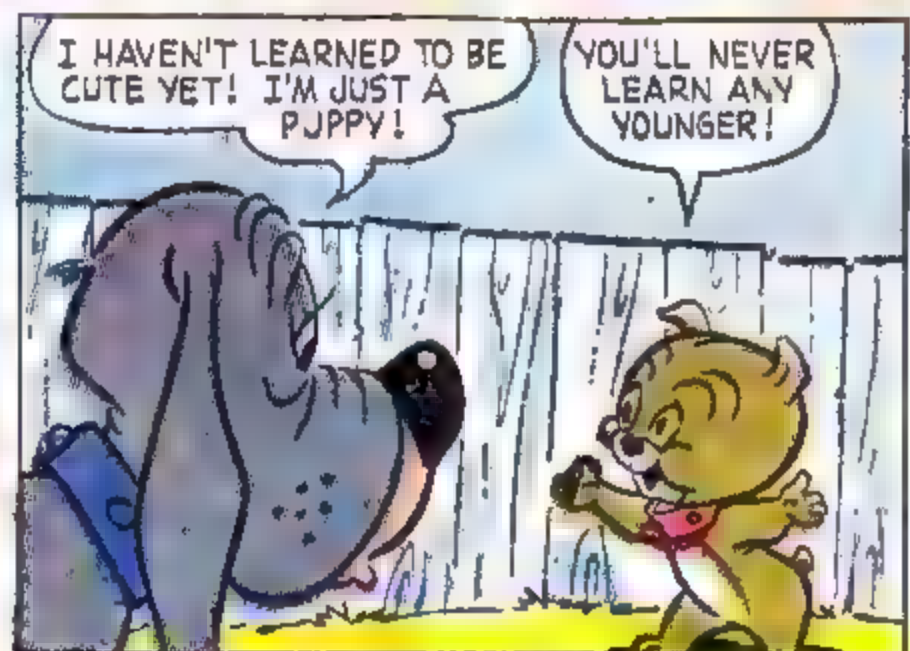
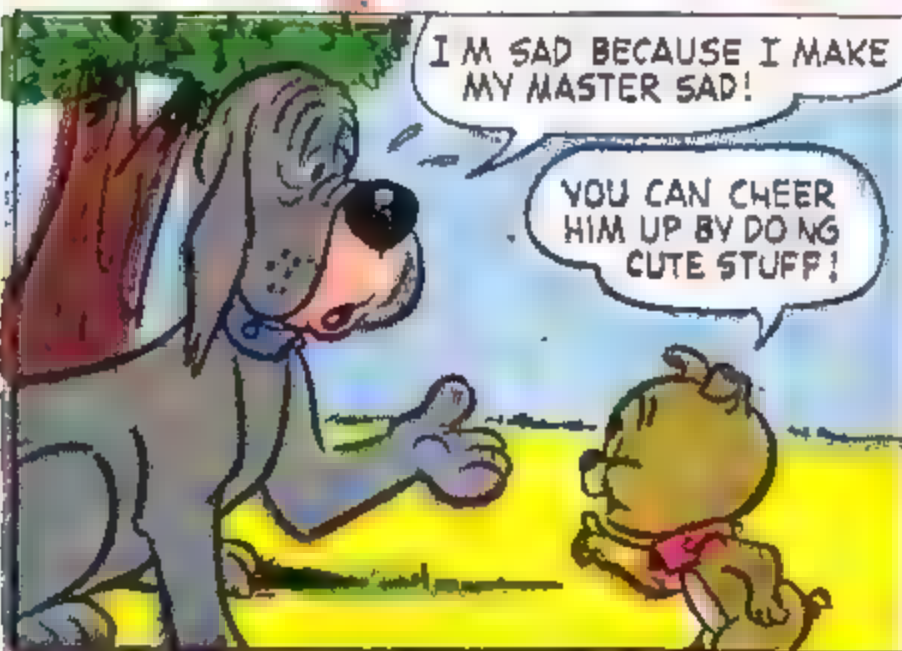
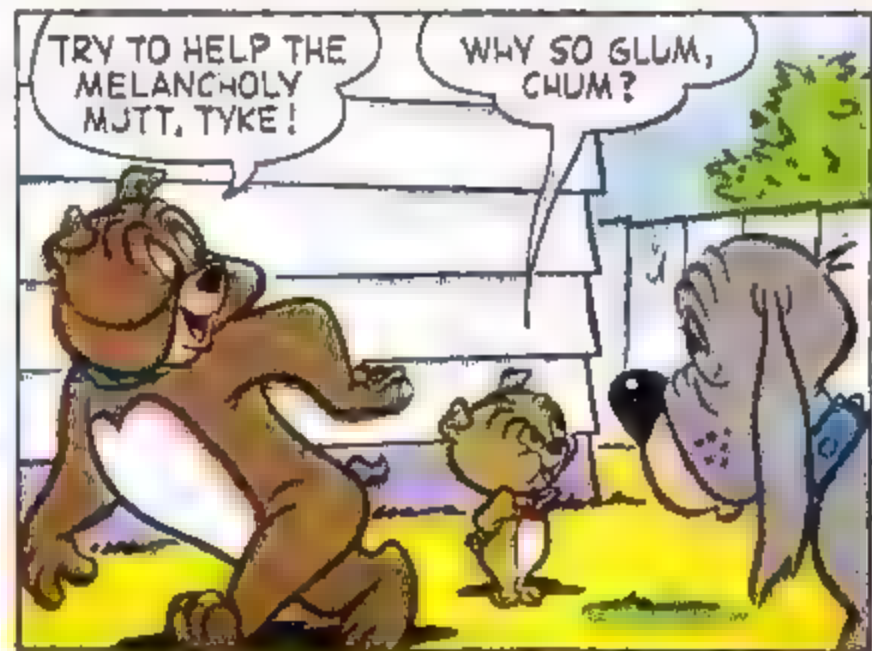
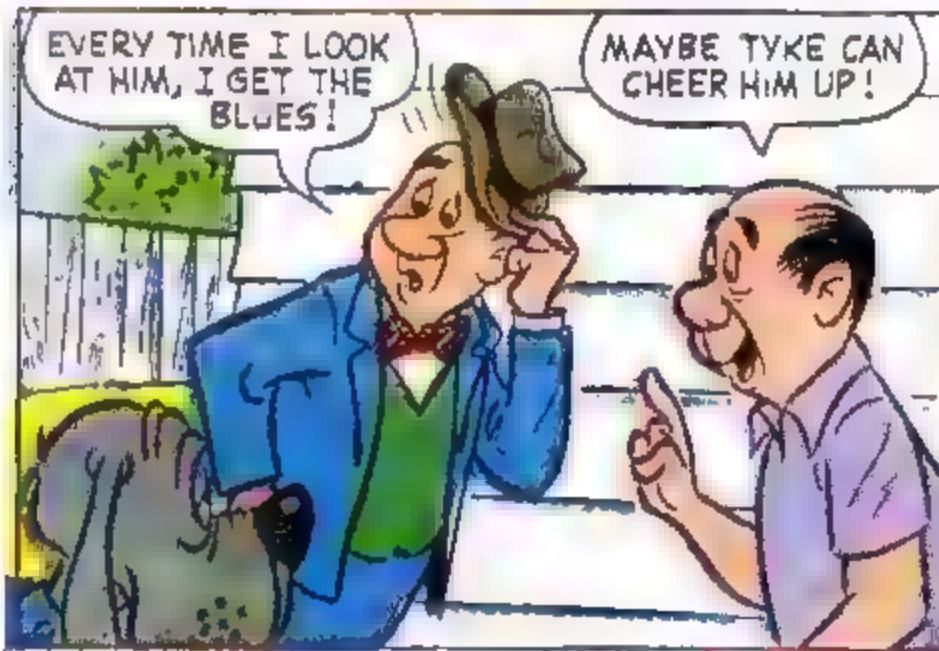
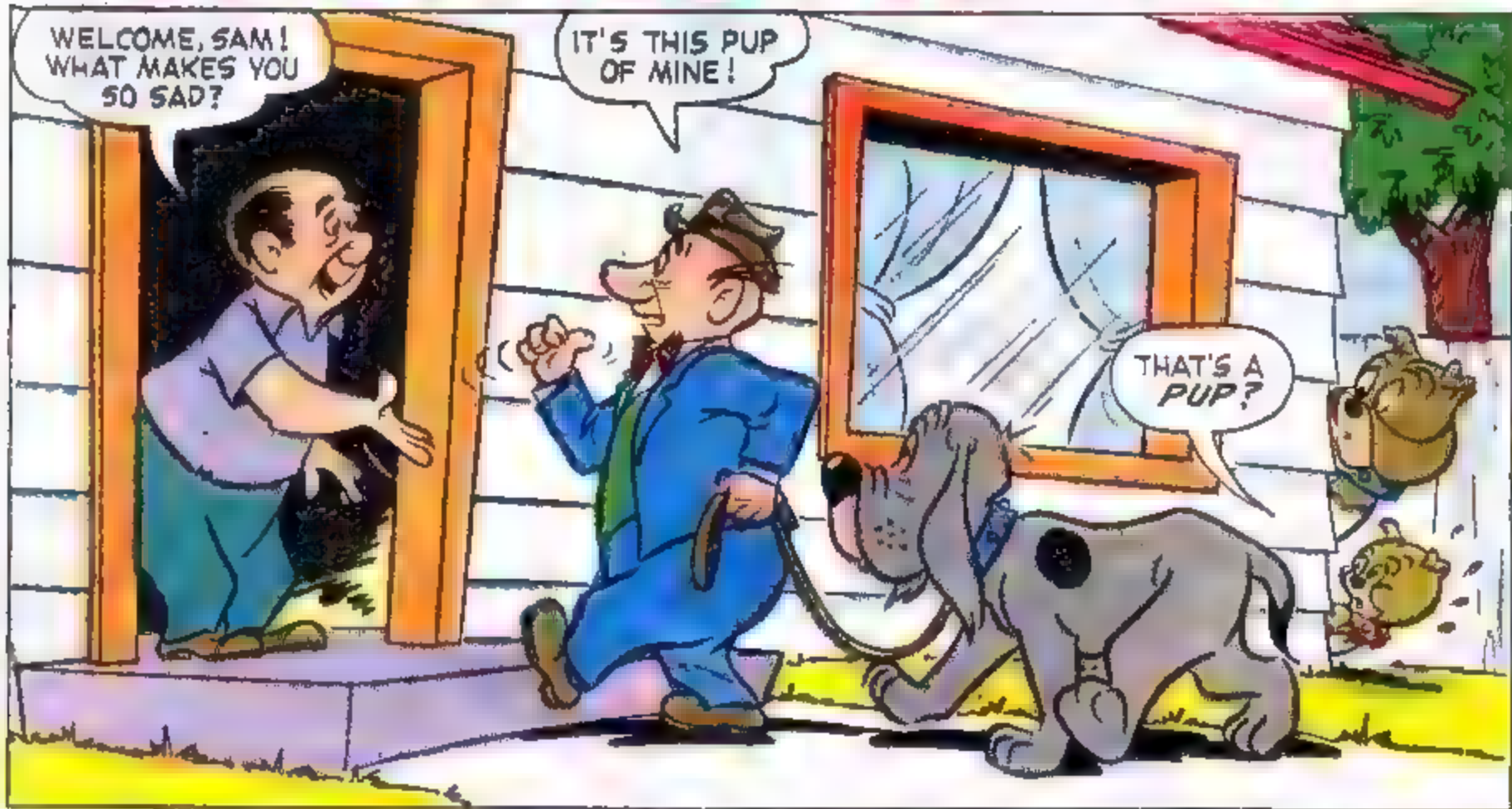




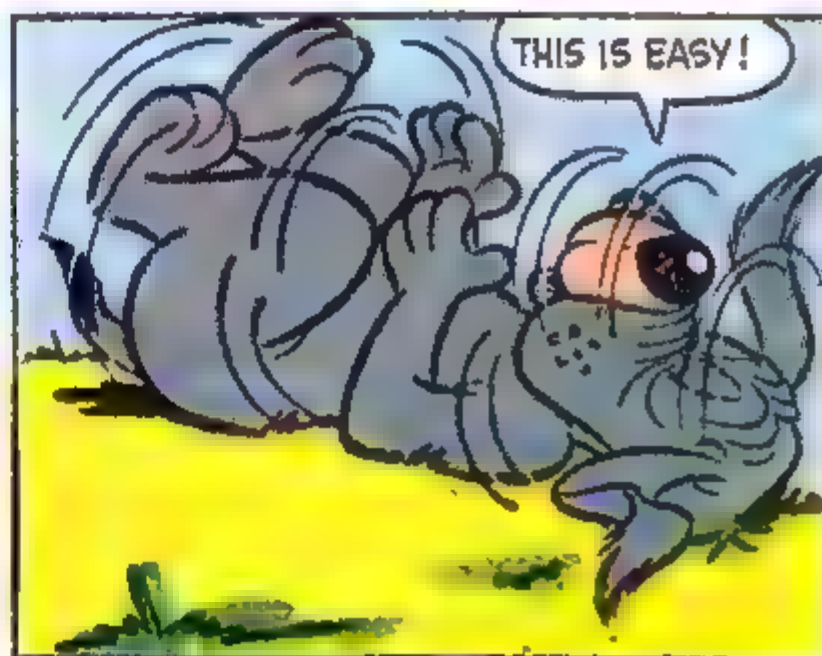
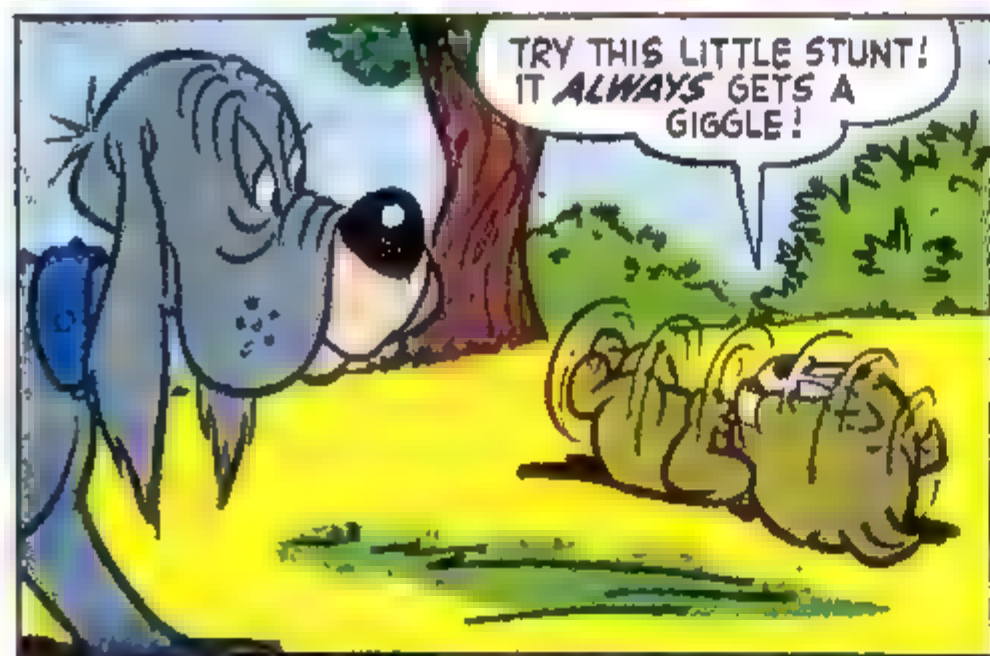
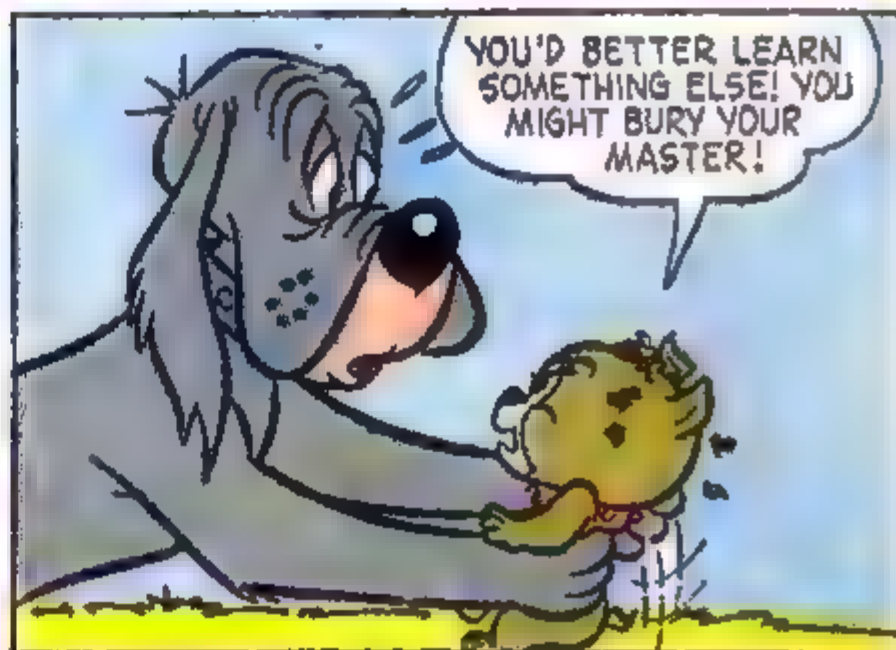
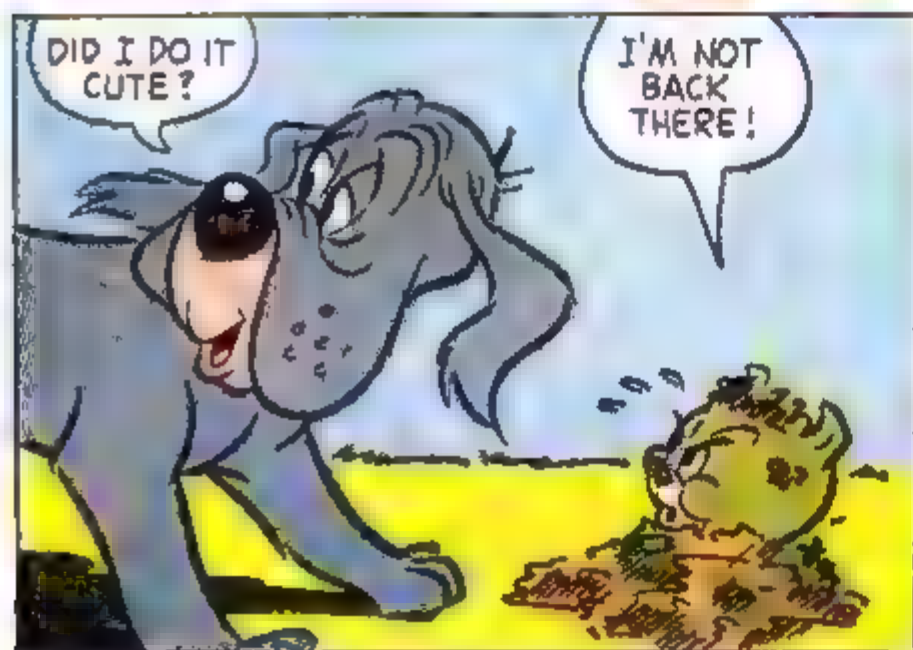
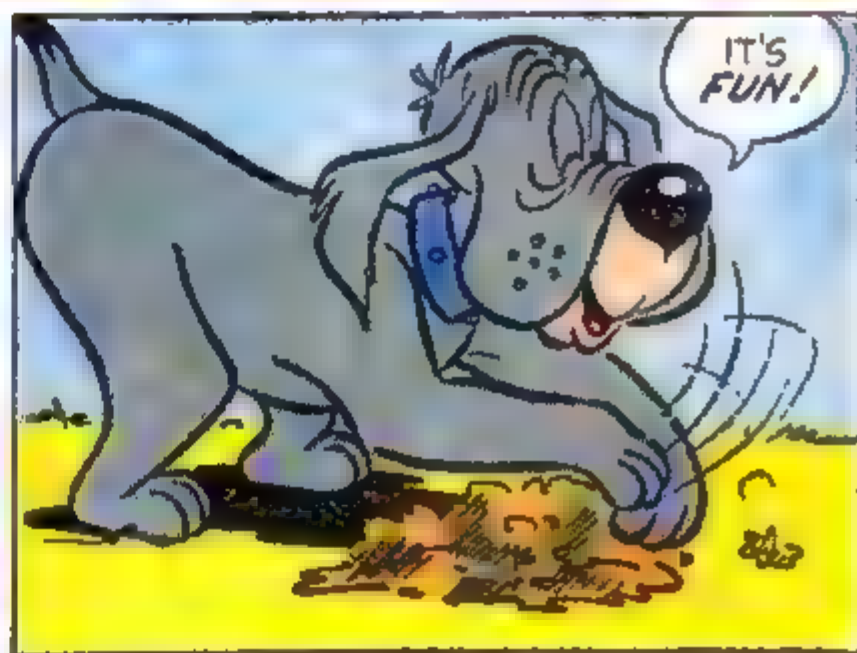
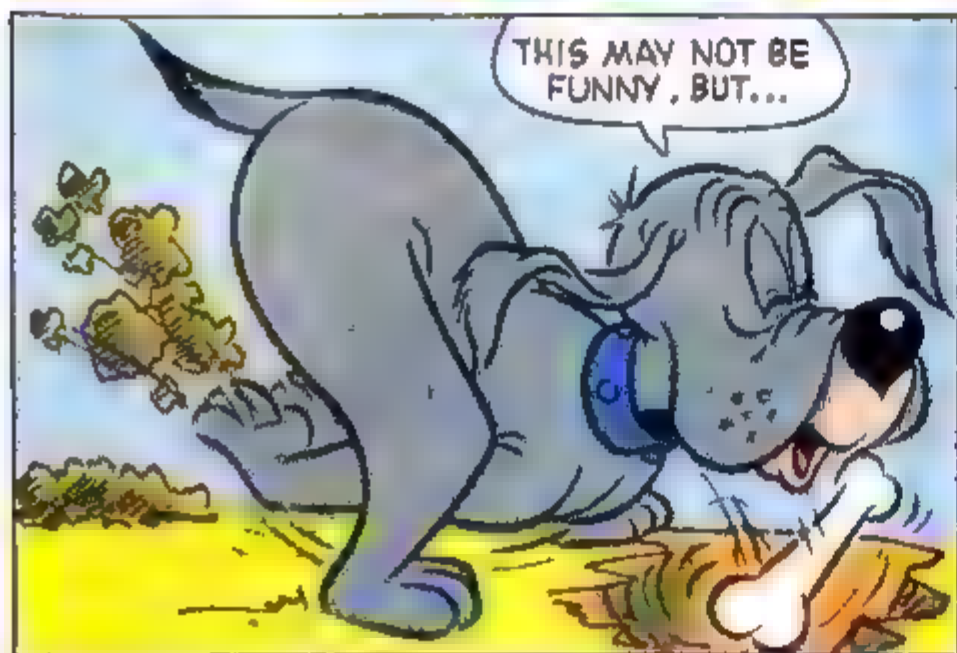
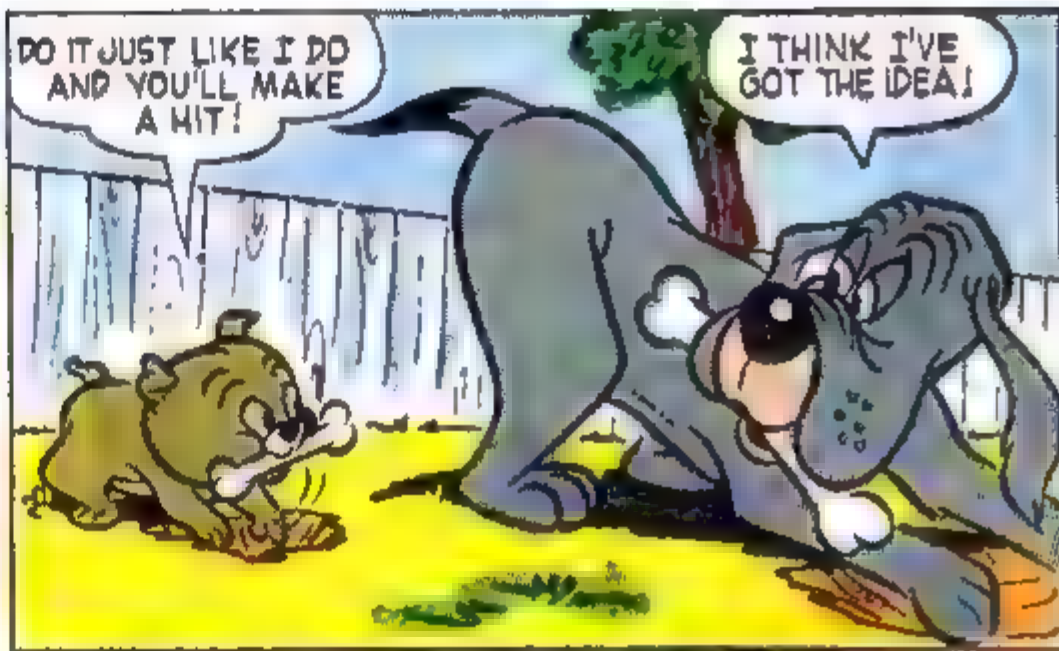
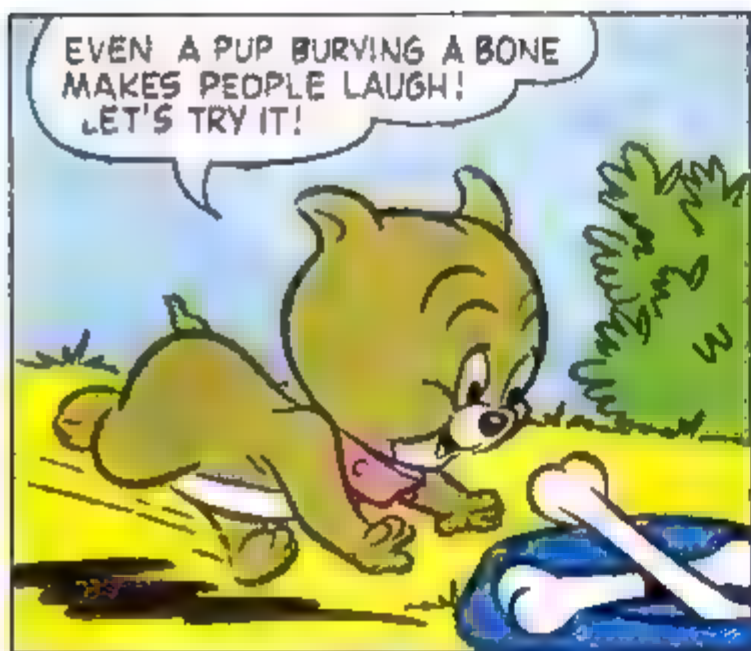


**Spike and Tyke**

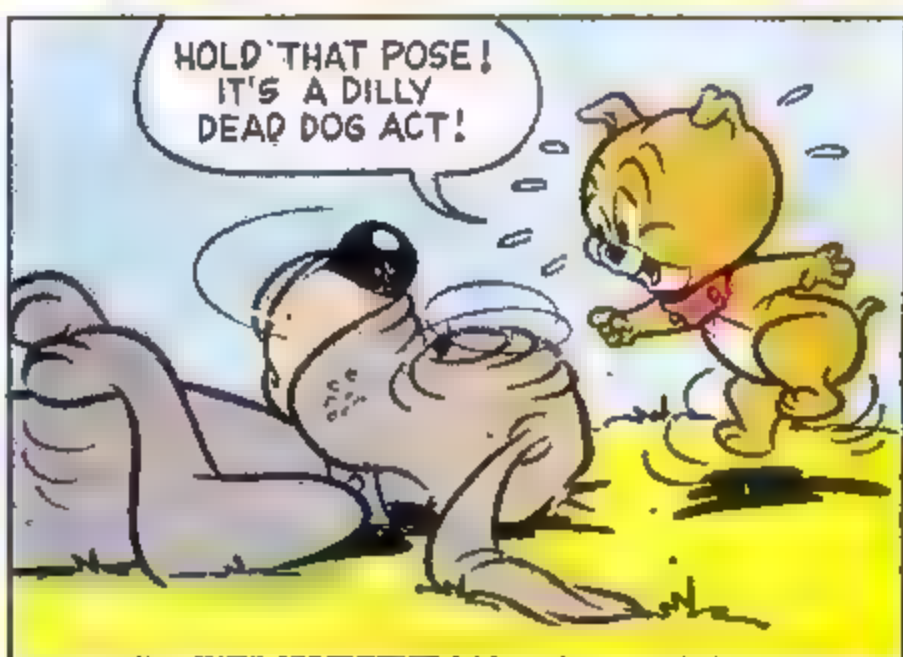
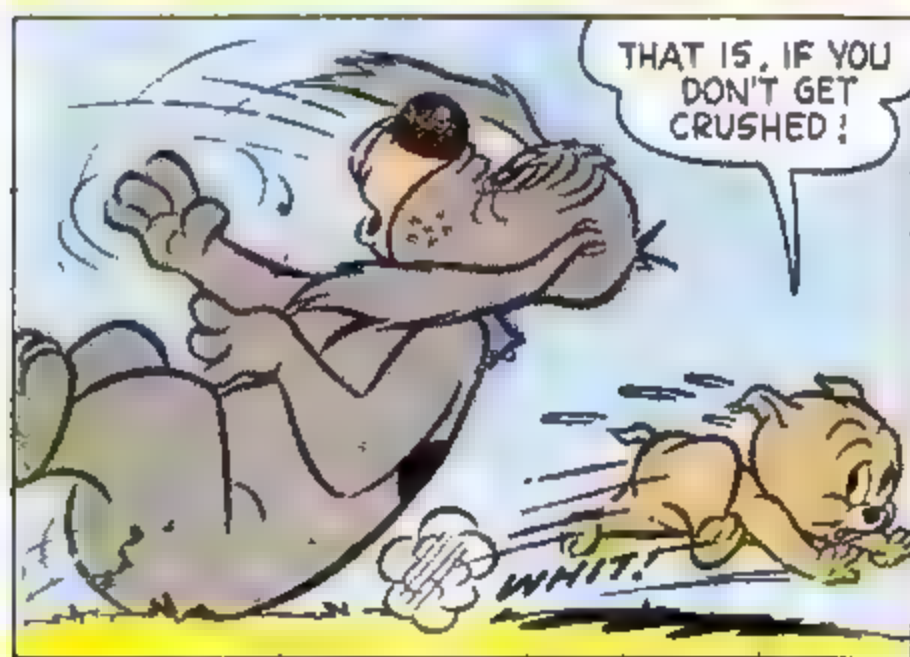
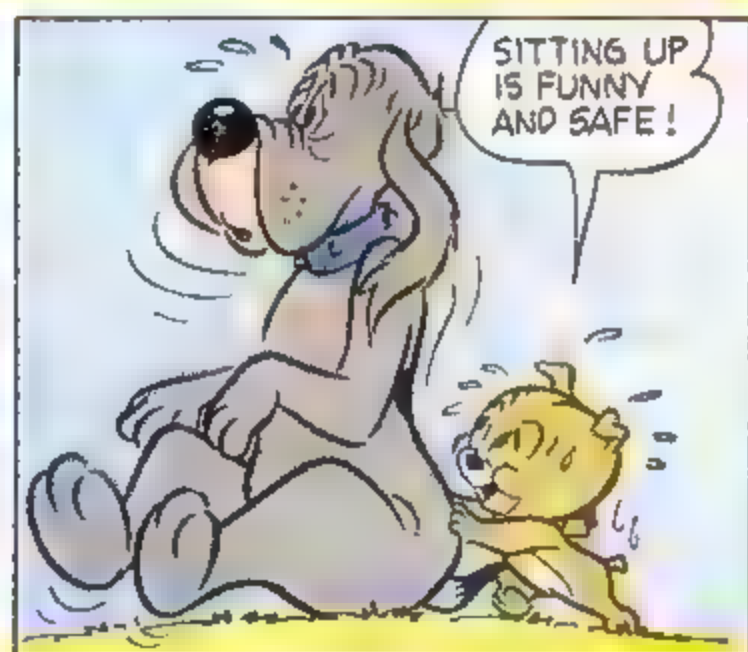
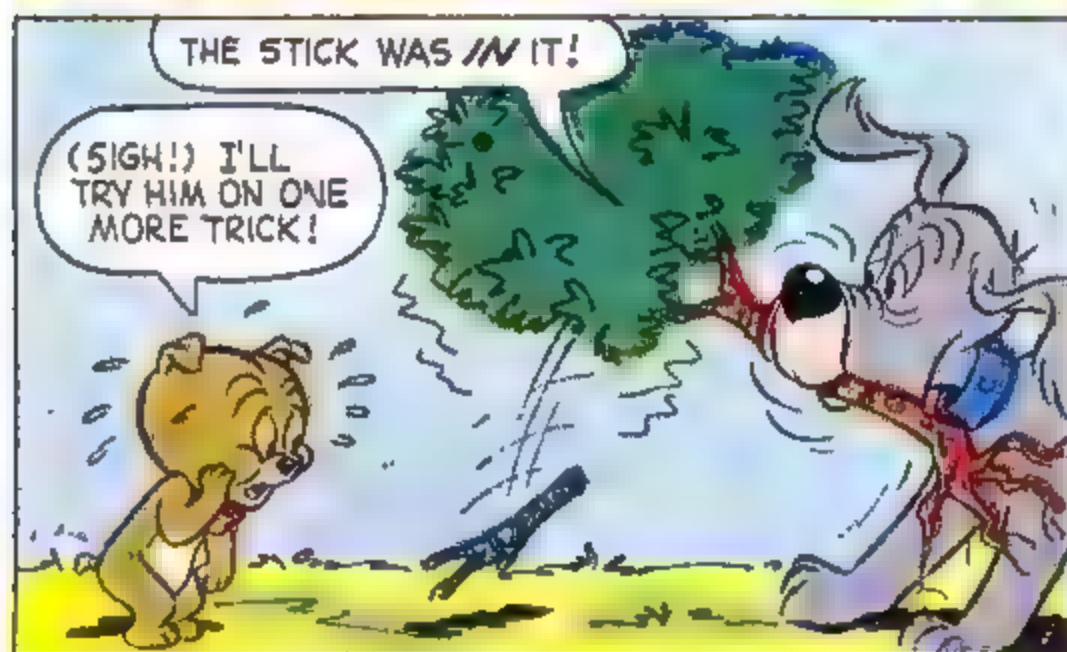
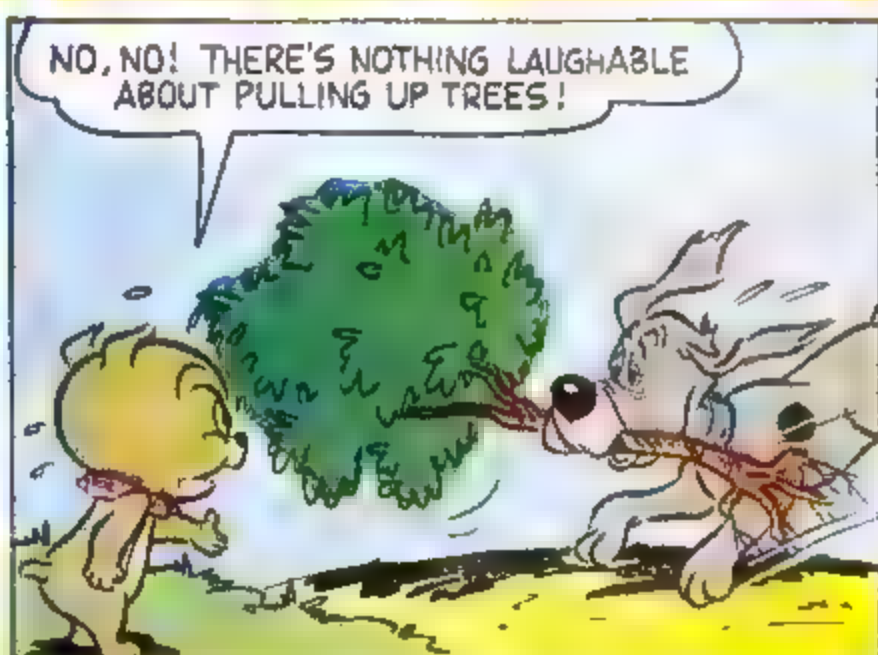
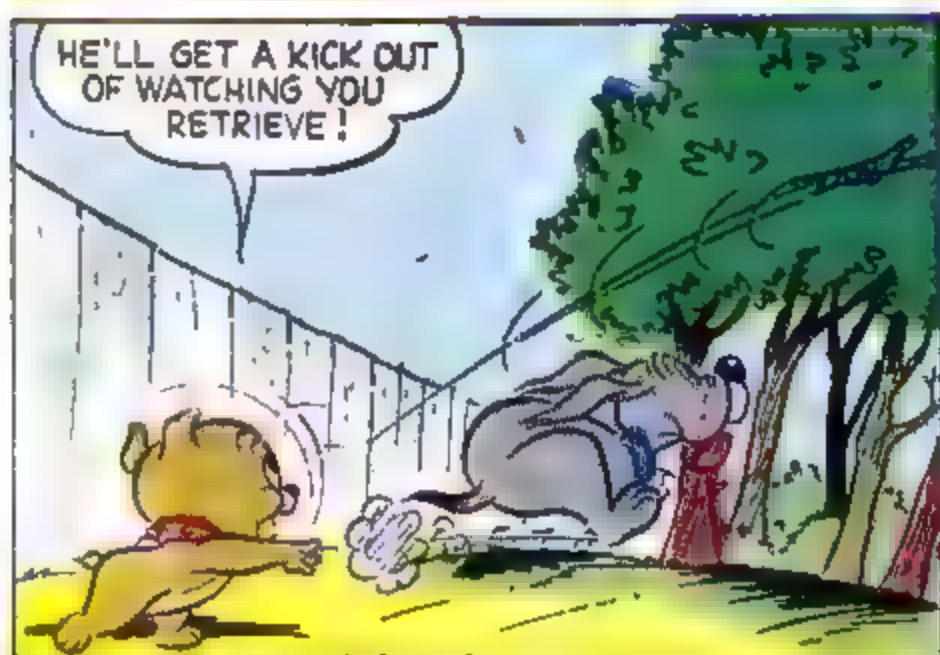
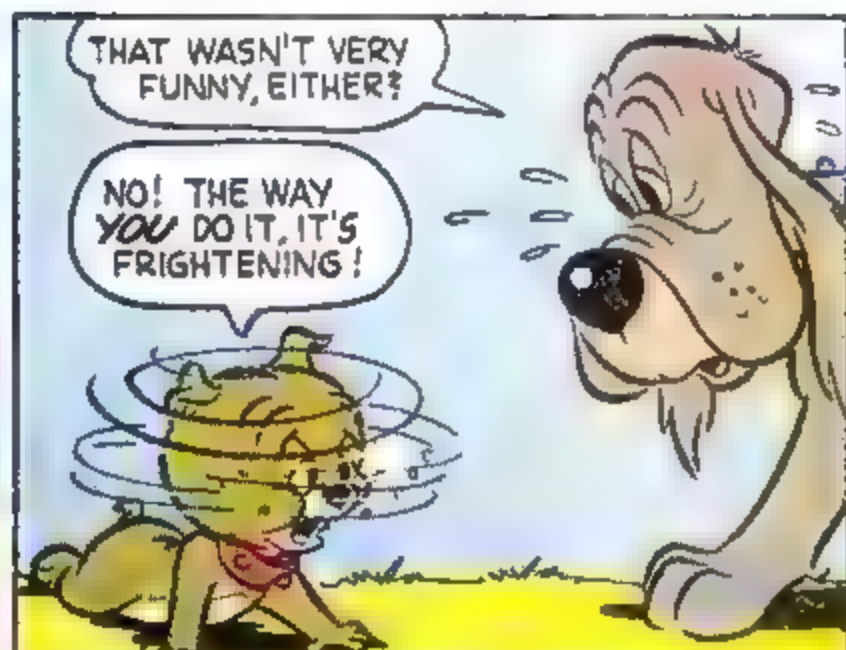
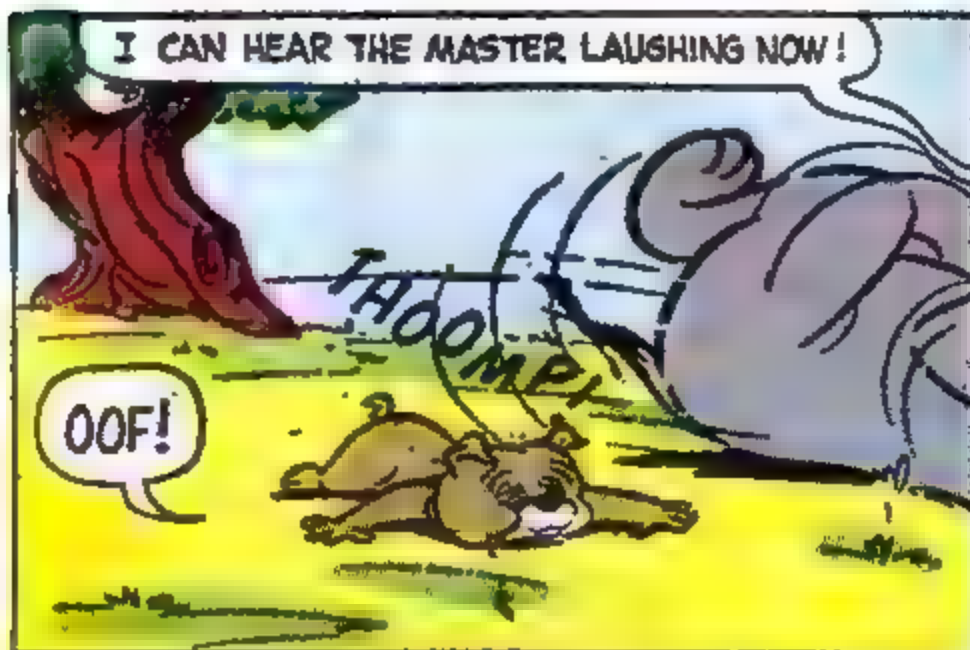
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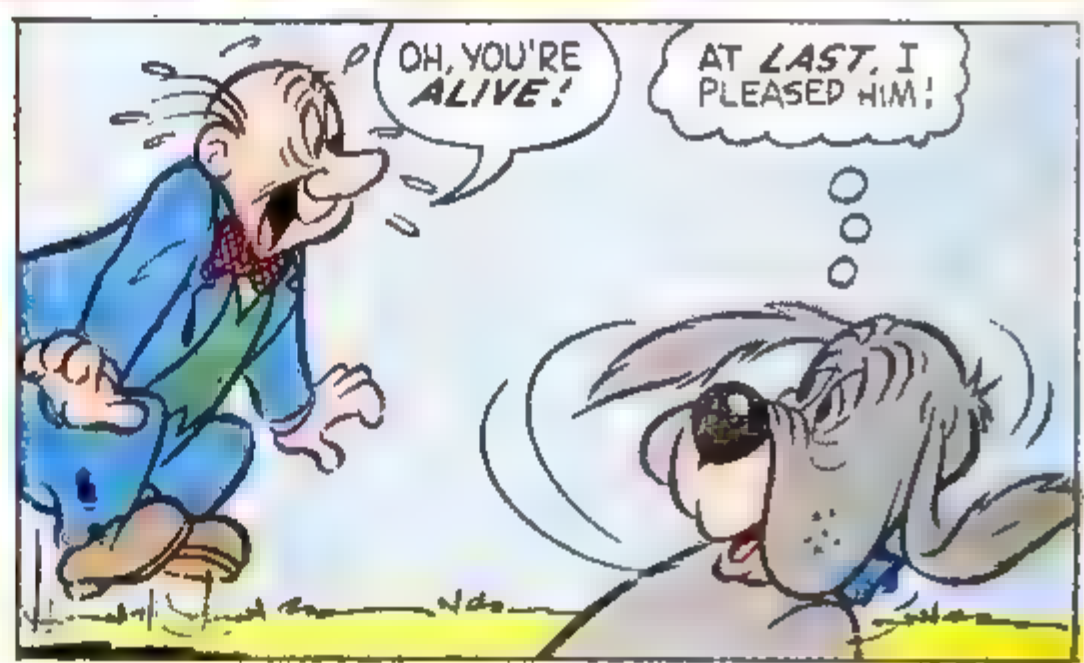
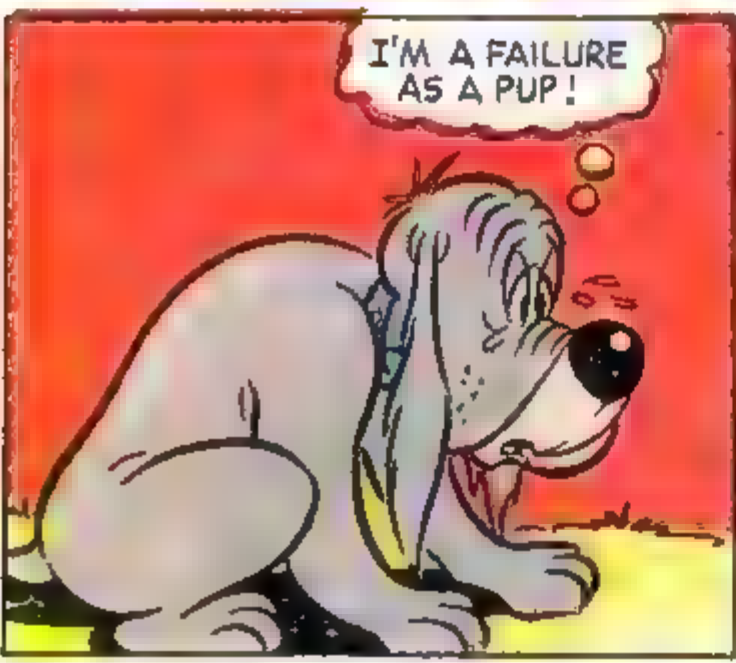
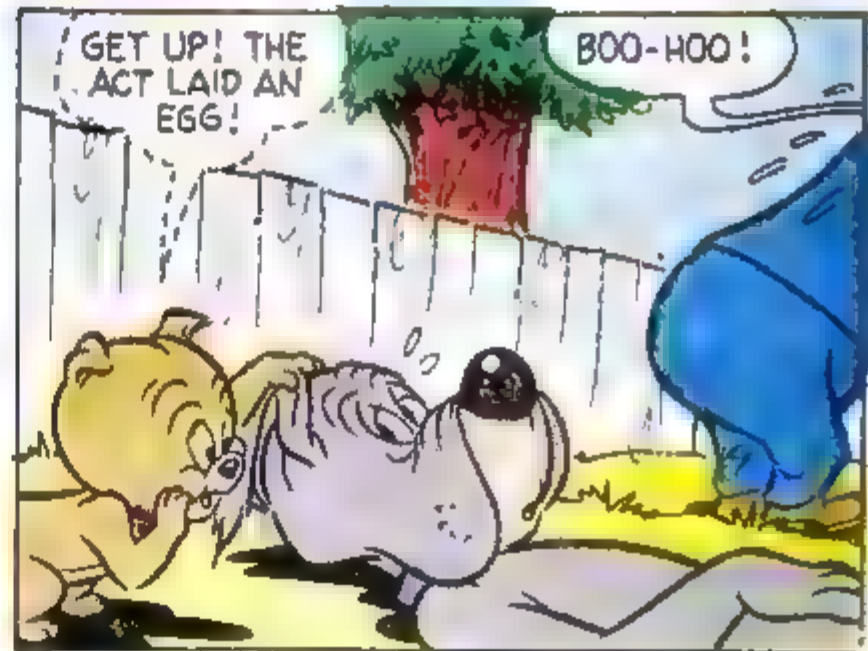
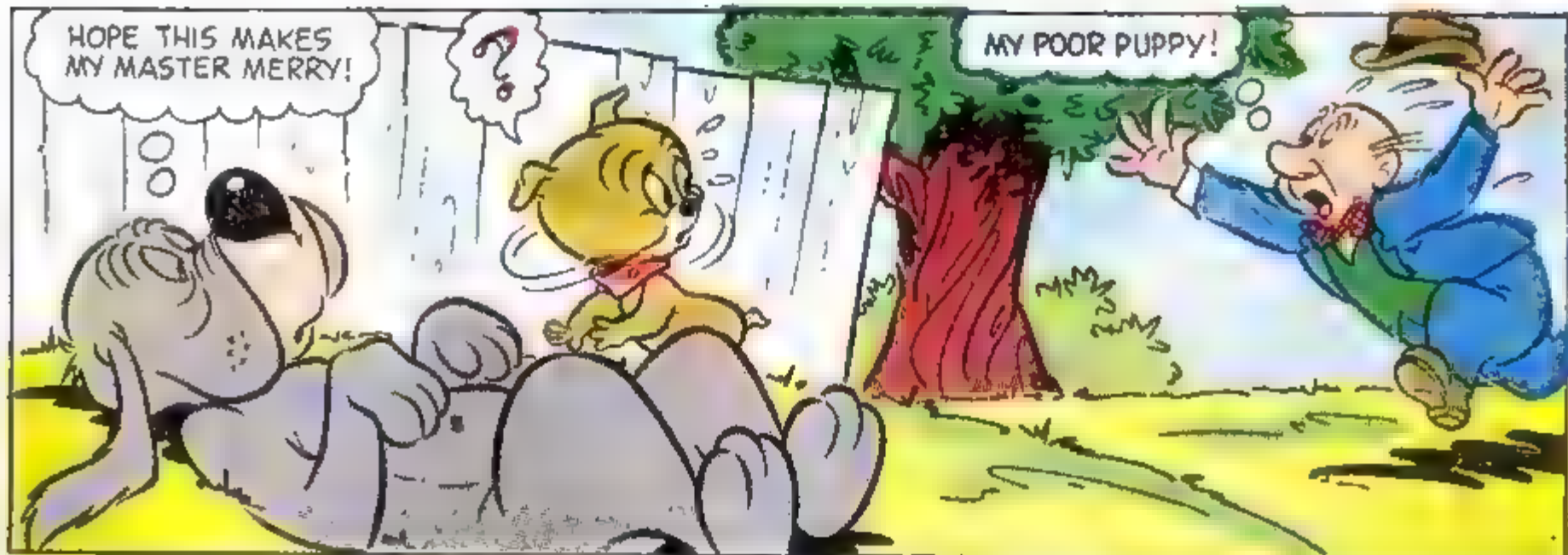














# A FISHY STORY



"I don't want to go fishing," Uncle Barney protested to his two nephews. "I just want to lie here and sleep." So he slumped back in his hammock, his eyes closing tight.

"Gee," Fuzzy groaned, looking over at Wuzzy, "it would be so nice down at Dreek Creek today."

Wuzzy sighed. "I'll say it would be. Why, we could even have a wonderful picnic lunch of delicious blackberry sandwiches."

"Blackberry sandwiches?" Uncle Barney muttered, one eye fluttering open.

Wuzzy continued, "And tasty honeycomb pie."

"Honeycomb pie?" Uncle Barney flicked open his other eye and sat upright.

Wuzzy continued, "And delectable grickle-pickles."

"Grickle-pickles!" Uncle Barney shouted happily as he bounded out of his hammock in one wild leap. "Hey, kids, it really is a beautiful day, isn't it? Come on then, I'll take you down to Dreek Creek for a picnic. And you can bring your fishing poles along, but just don't expect me to fish."

"We won't," the two little bears chorused as Uncle Barney went into the house to pack the picnic basket.

It was a delightful day at Dreek Creek. The sun darted in and out from behind fluffy white clouds, and big yellow-and-black butterflies floated lazily around.

As they finished lunch Uncle Barney brushed the crumbs from his flowered, loose-fitting sport shirt and yawned. "I think I'll just lie down here in this patch of clover and relax a bit," he muttered.

"Okay, Uncle Barney," Fuzzy said. "Wuzzy

and I are off to go fishing now."

Some time later Uncle Barney roused up from his comfy clover bed, rubbed his eyes, and shuffled slowly down toward Dreek Creek. "How are the great fishermen coming along?" he grinned sleepily.

"We've each caught two," Fuzzy said proudly. "Of course they're not very big, but they are fish."

"I got my two downstream by the white rocks," Wuzzy declared happily. "And Fuzzy caught his upstream, up by the berry bushes."

"Berry bushes?" Uncle Barney swung around, smacking his lips. "Say, berries would make a mighty scrumptious after-dinner treat. Think I'll just wander upstream for a look, kids."

Fuzzy and Wuzzy grinned and busied themselves measuring their fish.

Just then they heard a terrible yell and a monstrous splash, as if someone had fallen in the water. Then around the bend of the creek, like an over-sized steamboat, came Uncle Barney, puffing and paddling. "Help! Get me out of here!"

Quickly, Wuzzy grabbed his fishing pole and threw the line out straight and true to Uncle Barney.

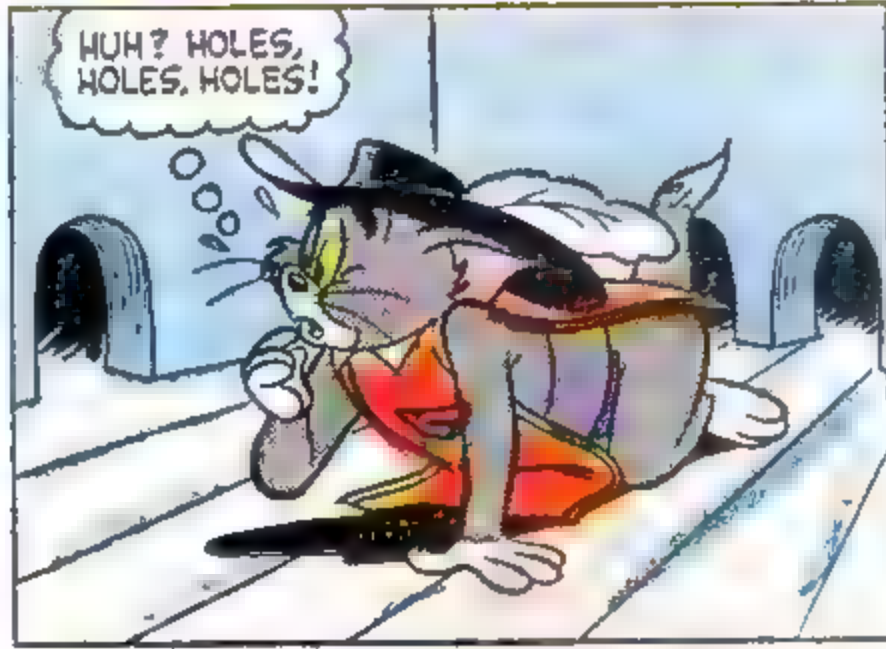
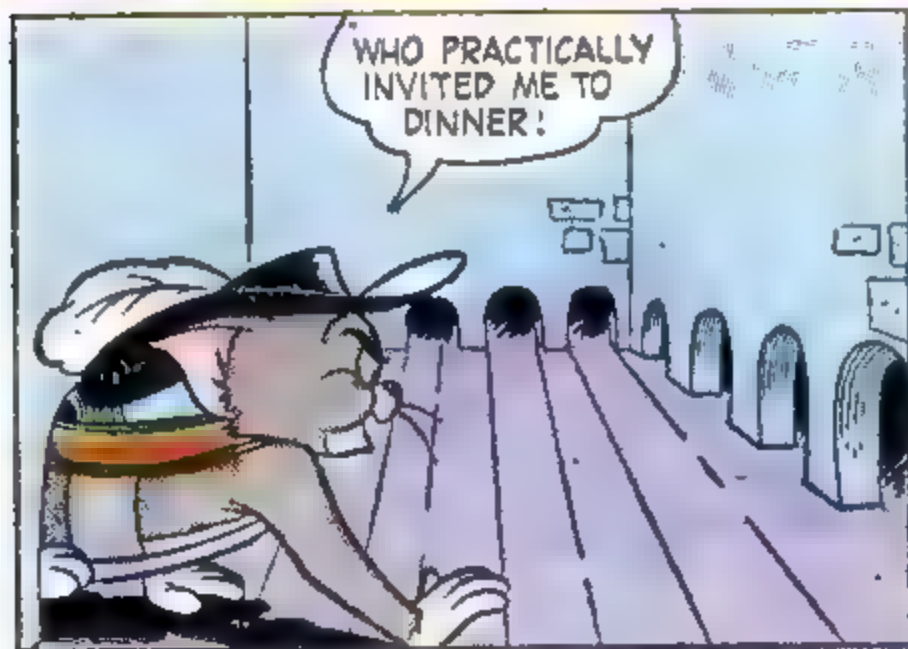
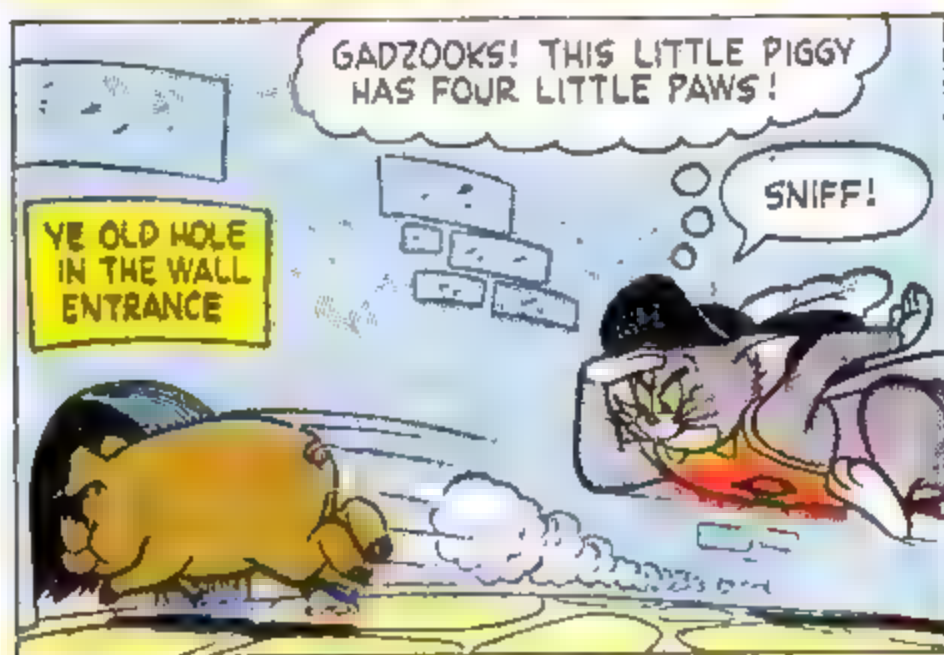
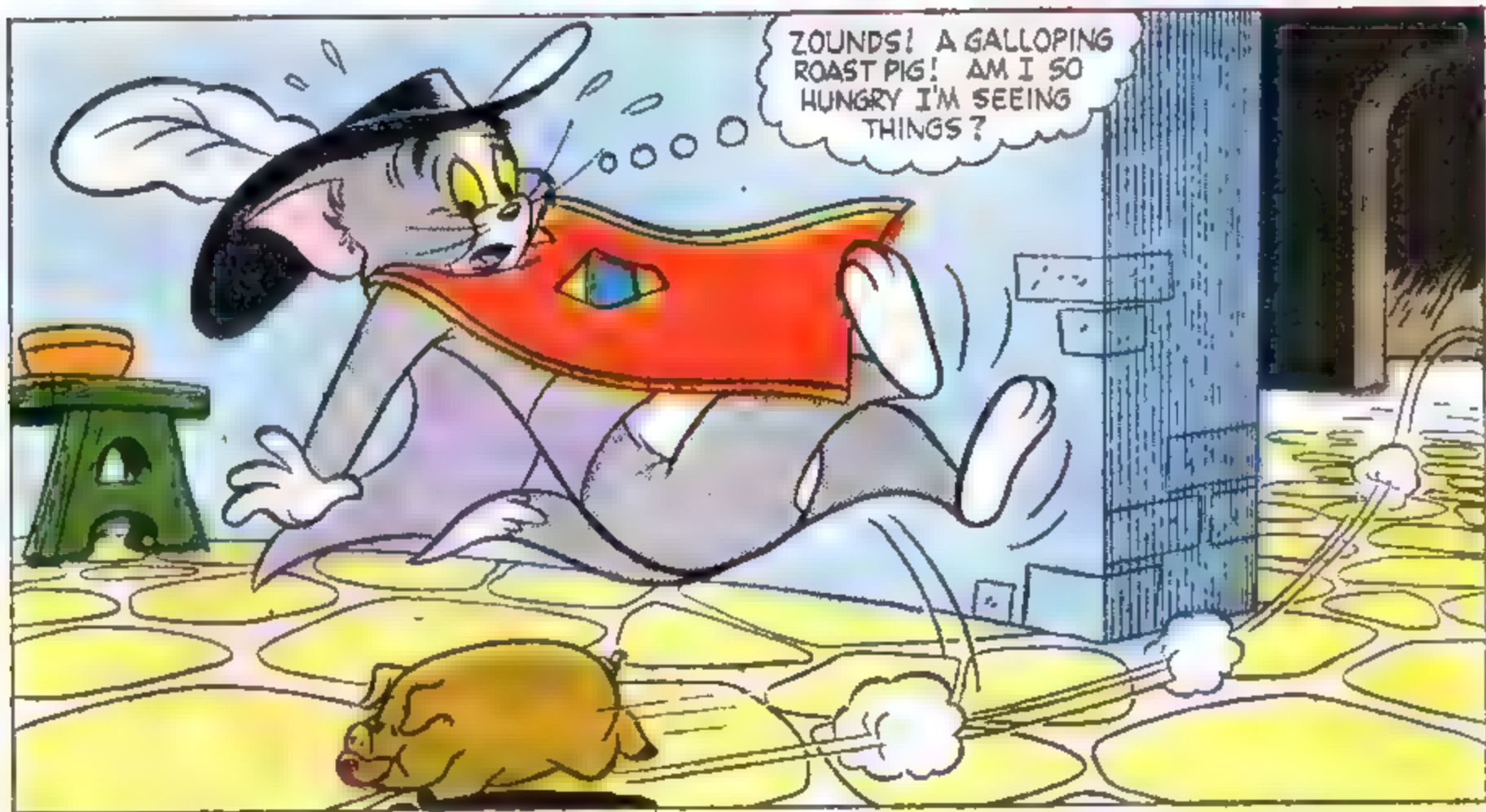
In no time at all Uncle Barney was hauled ashore. As he wrung out his wet clothing, a huge speckled fish flopped out from inside his loose-fitting flowered sport shirt.

"Uncle Barney," Wuzzy giggled, "even if you didn't want to go fishing, it still looks like you caught the biggest fish."

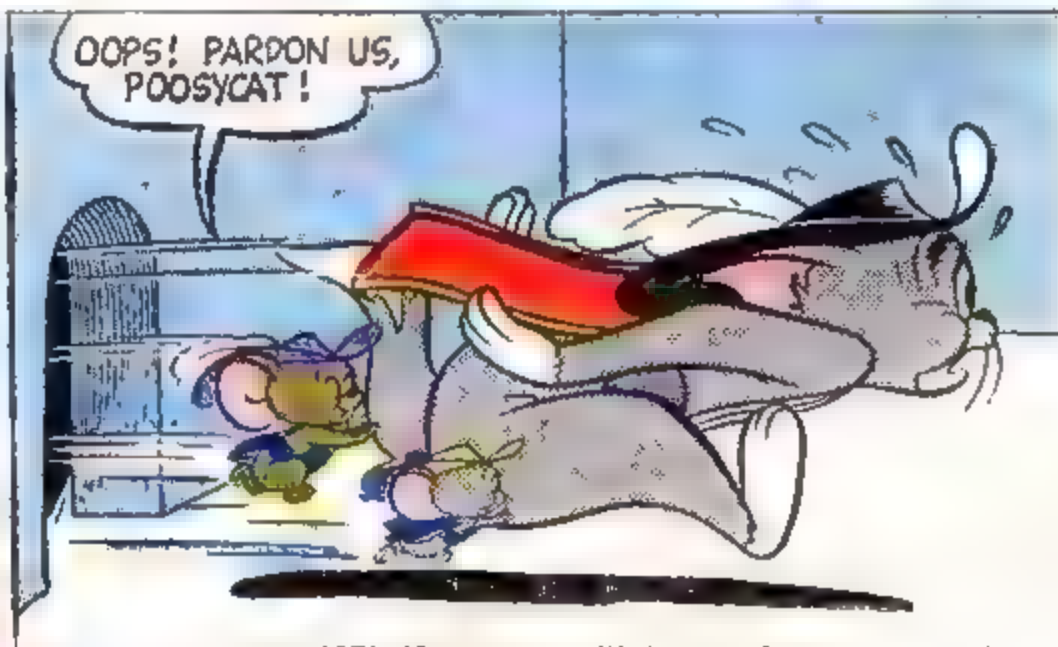
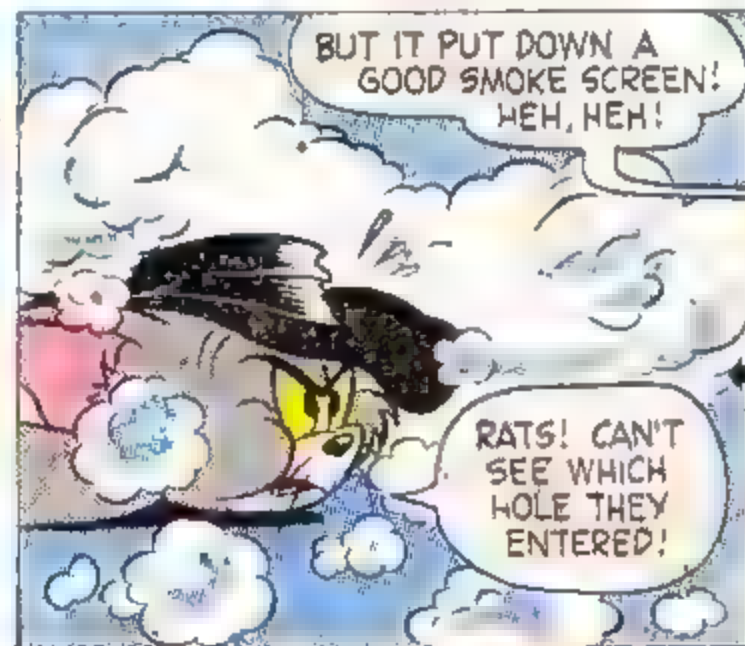
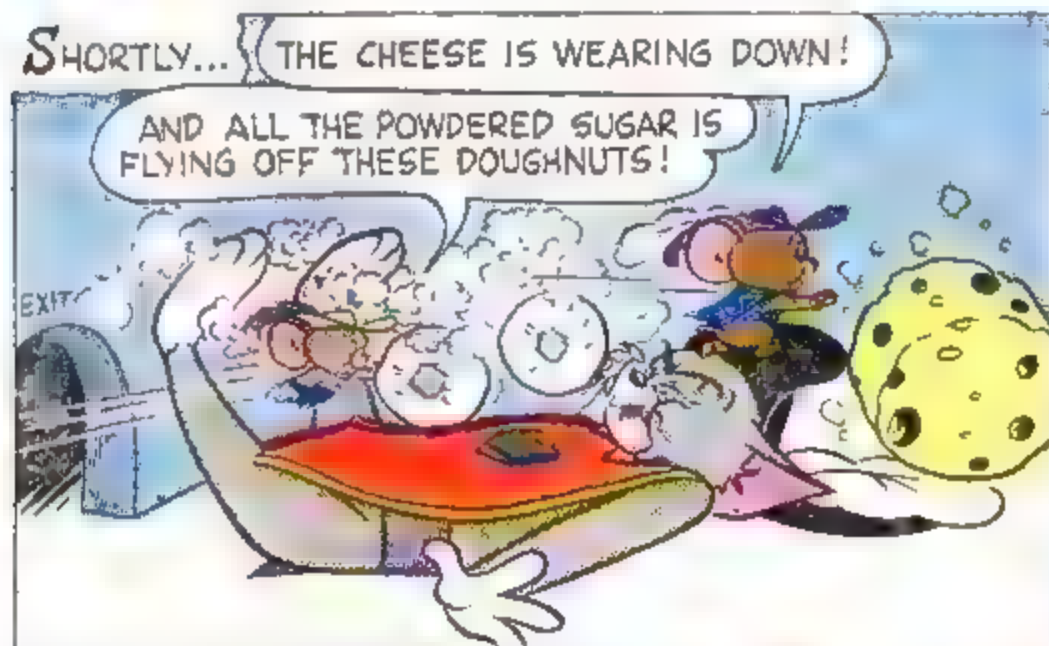
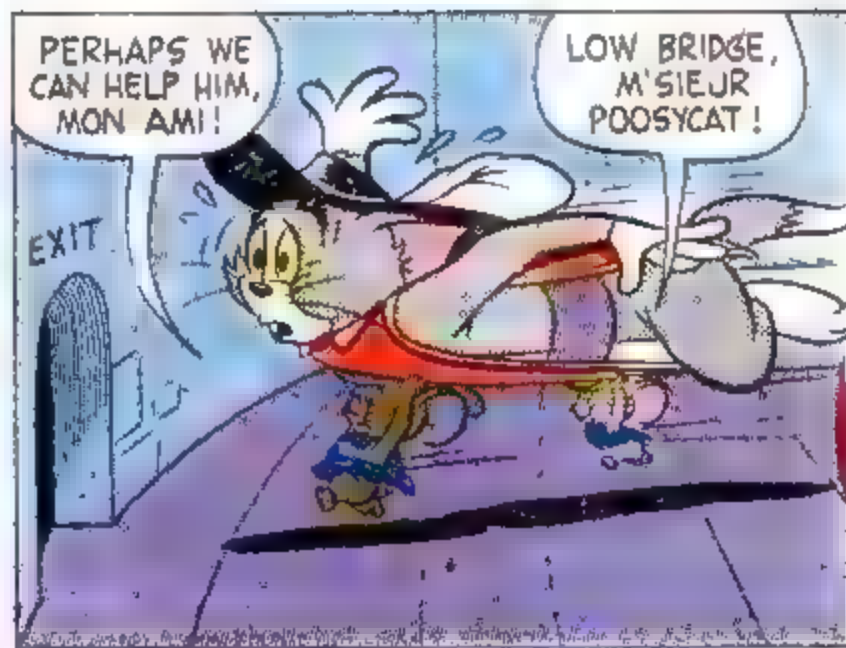
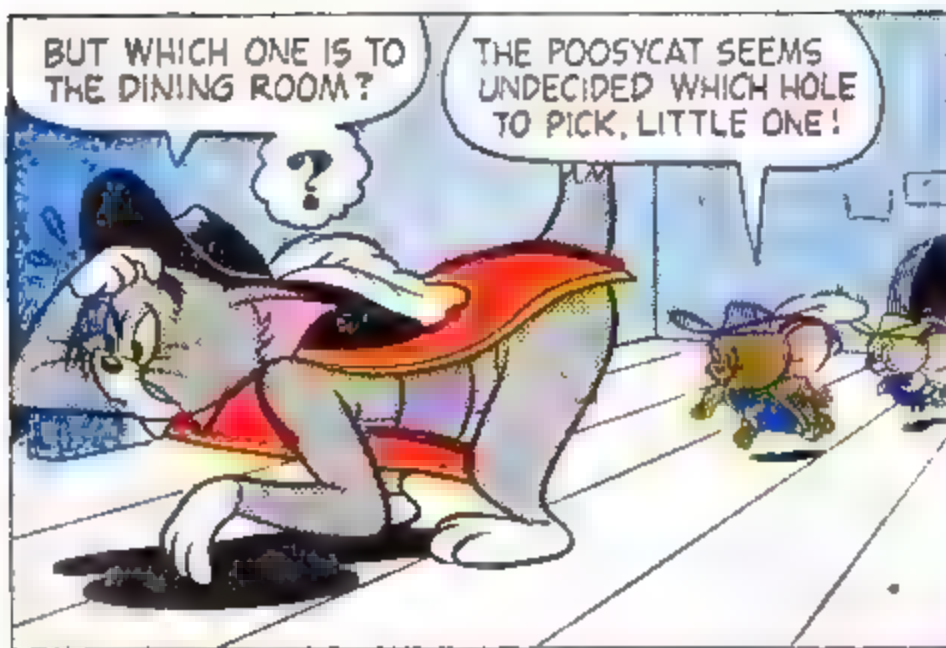
"Guess I did at that," Uncle Barney chuckled, "but next time we come fishing, I'll bring a pole!"



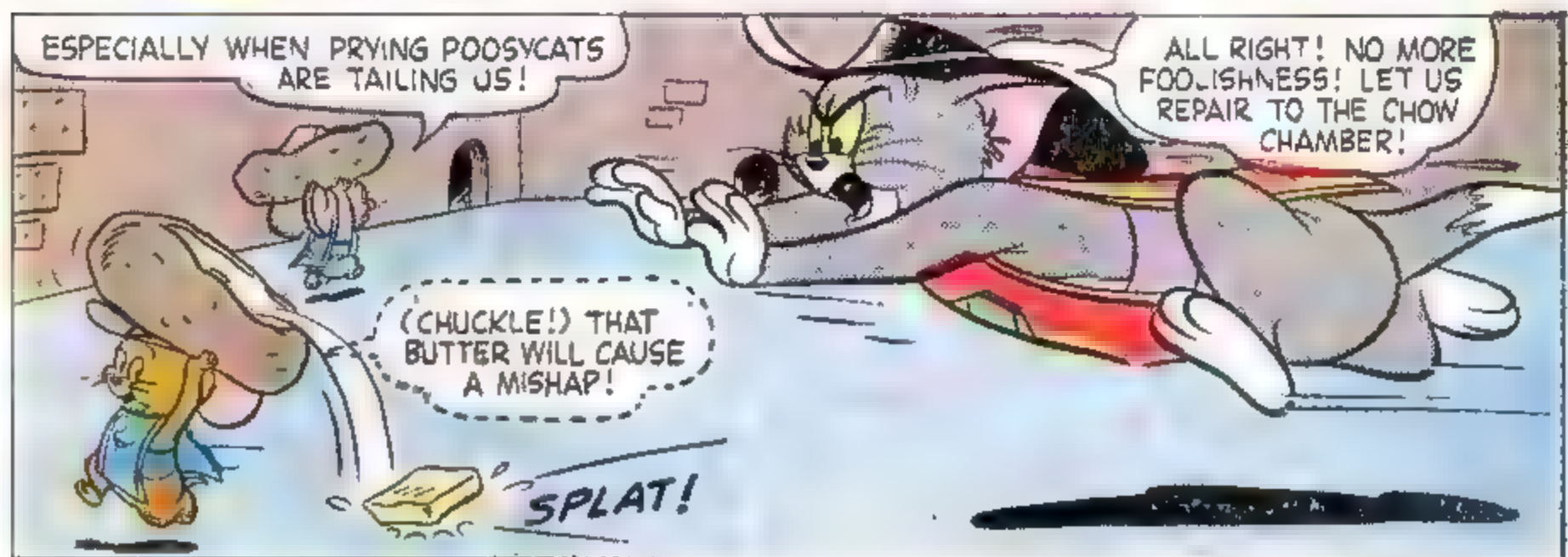
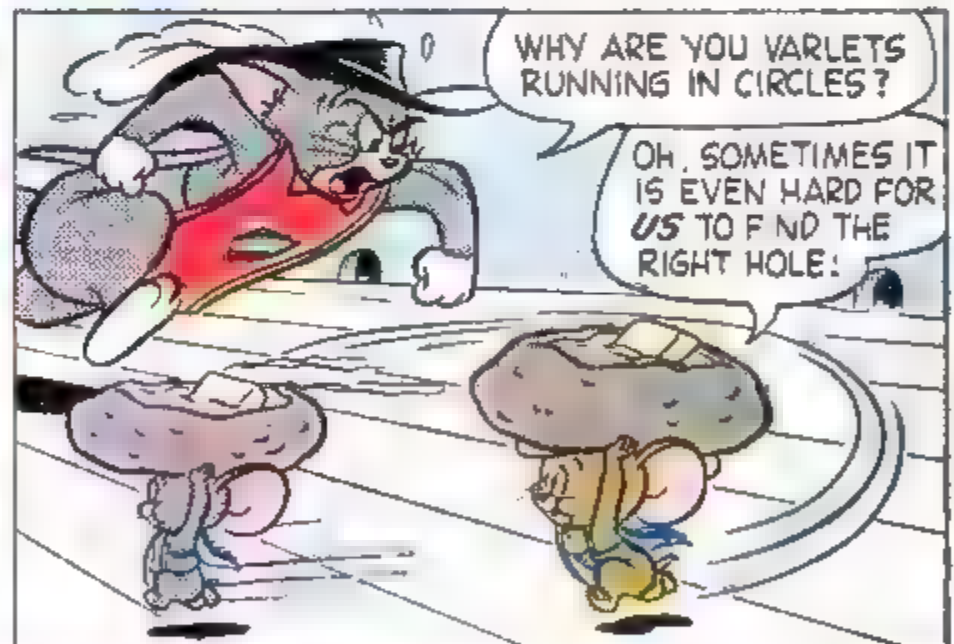
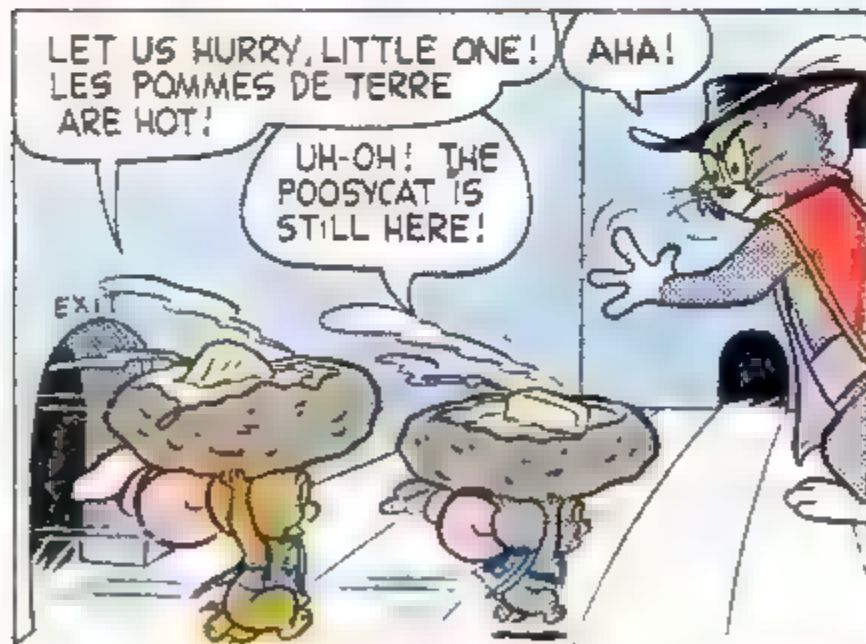
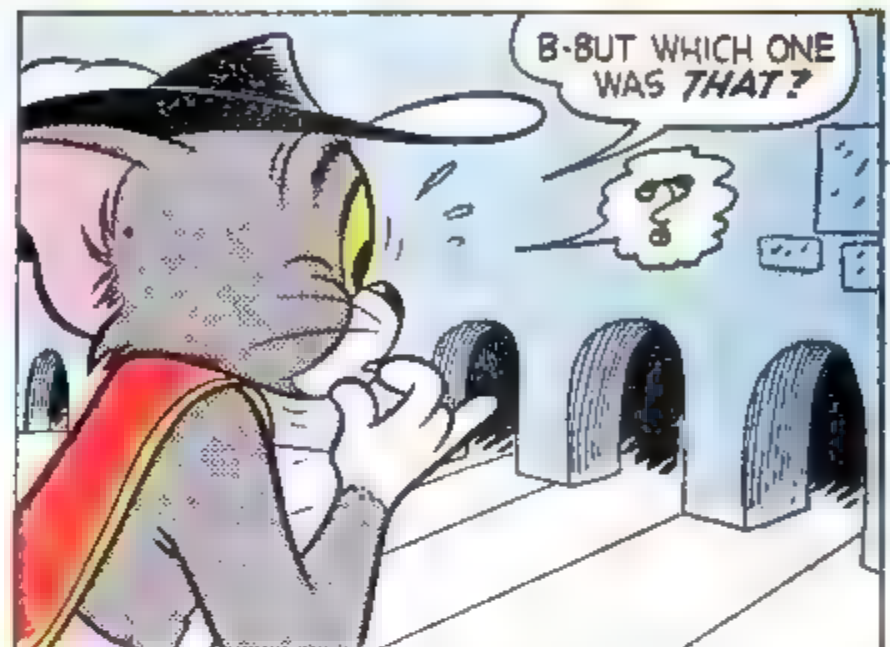
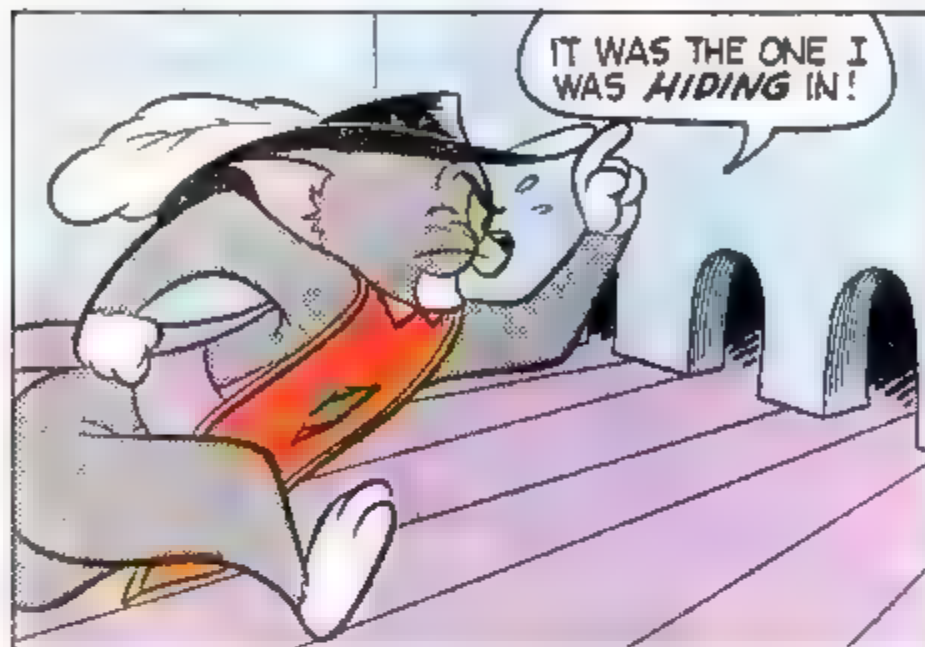
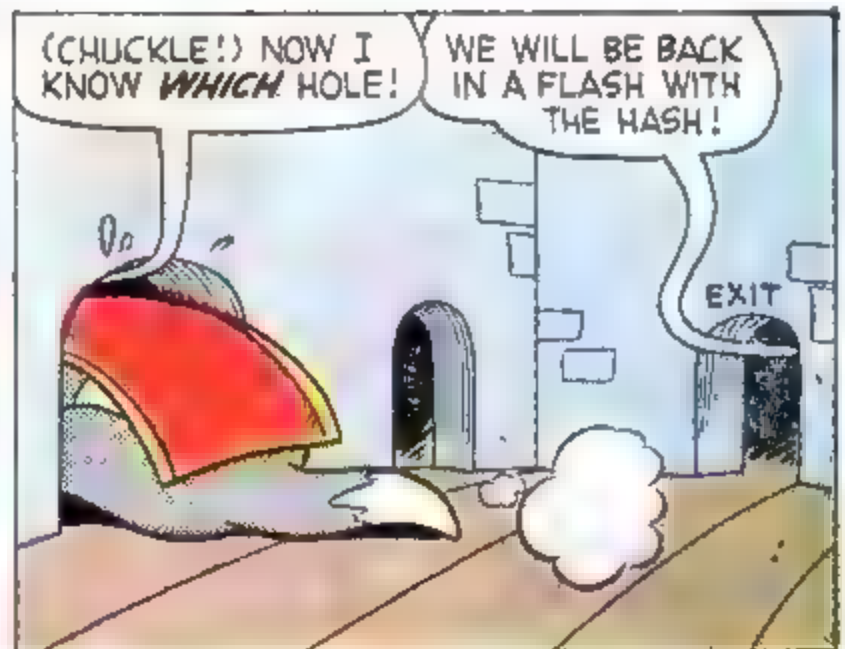
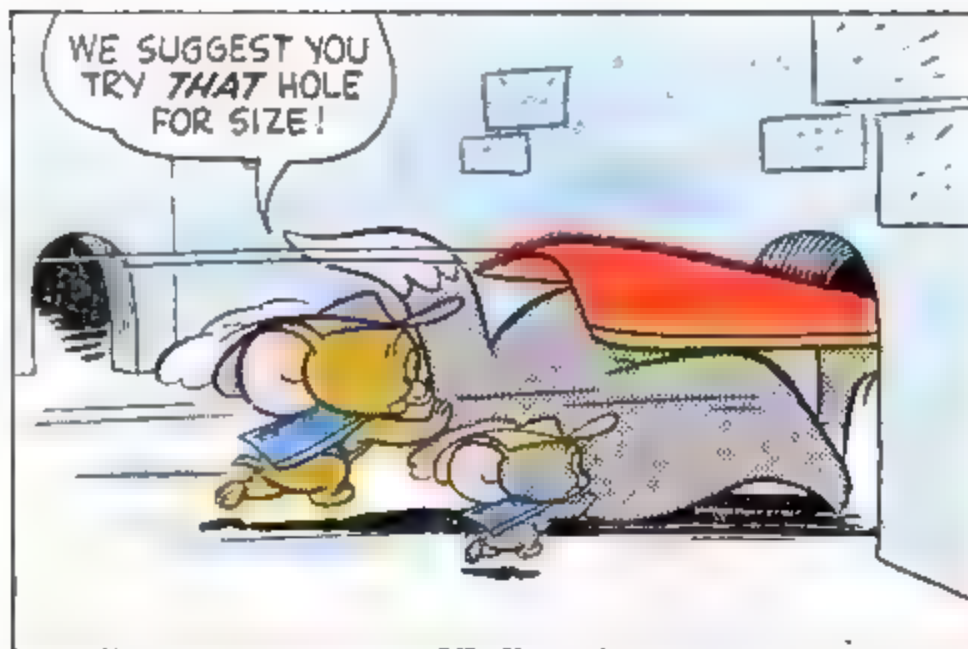
# MOUSE MUSKETEERS **DINNER DAZE**



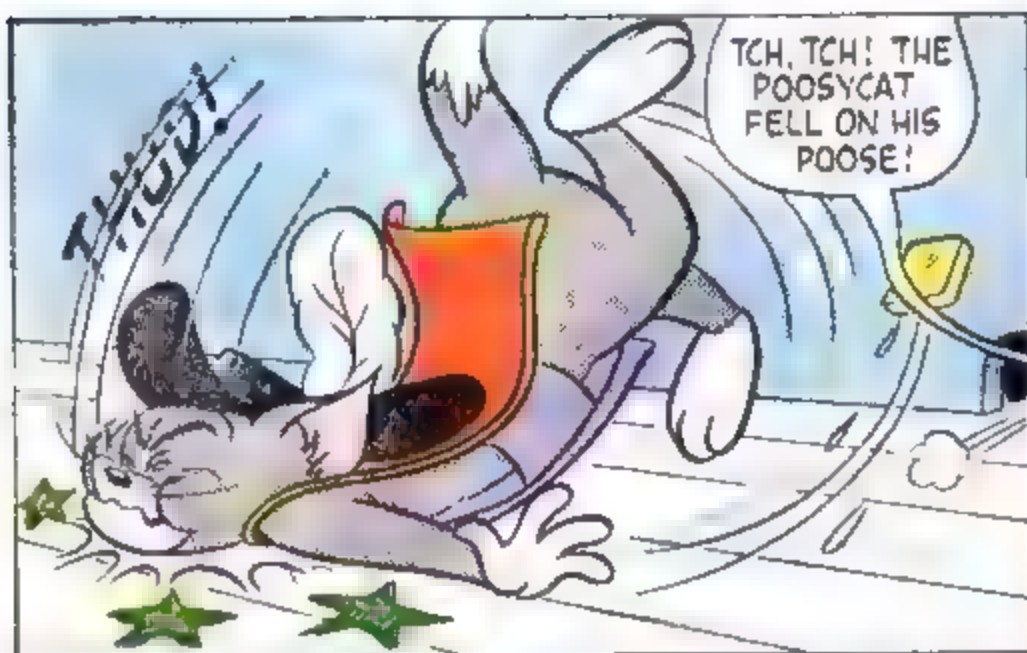




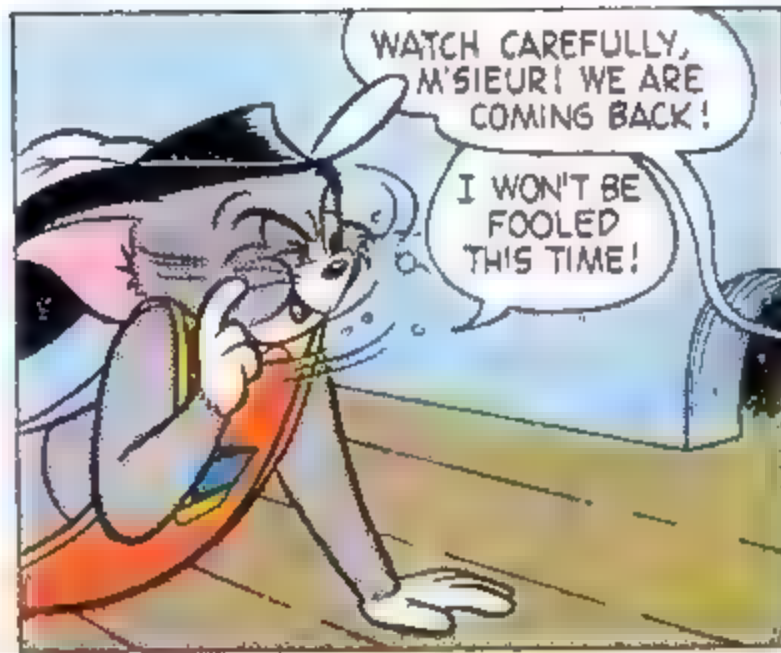








TCH, TCH! THE  
POOSYCAT  
FELL ON HIS  
POOSE!



WATCH CAREFULLY,  
M'SIEUR! WE ARE  
COMING BACK!

I WON'T BE  
FOOLED  
THIS TIME!



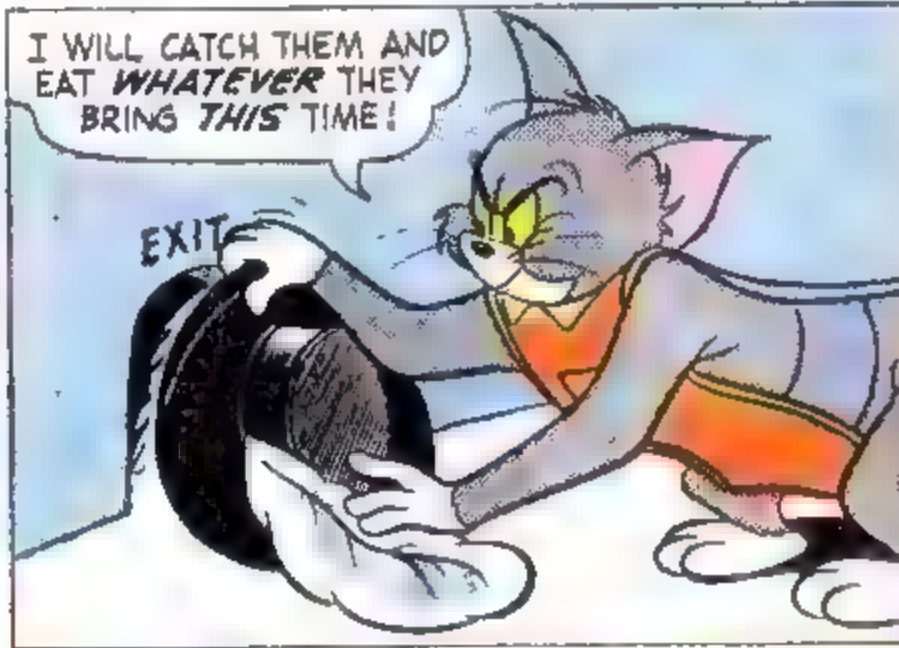
CONFUSING,  
IS IT NOT?

THEY CAME OUT OF THAT HOLE...NO...  
THEY WENT IN THAT ONE...NO...THEY...

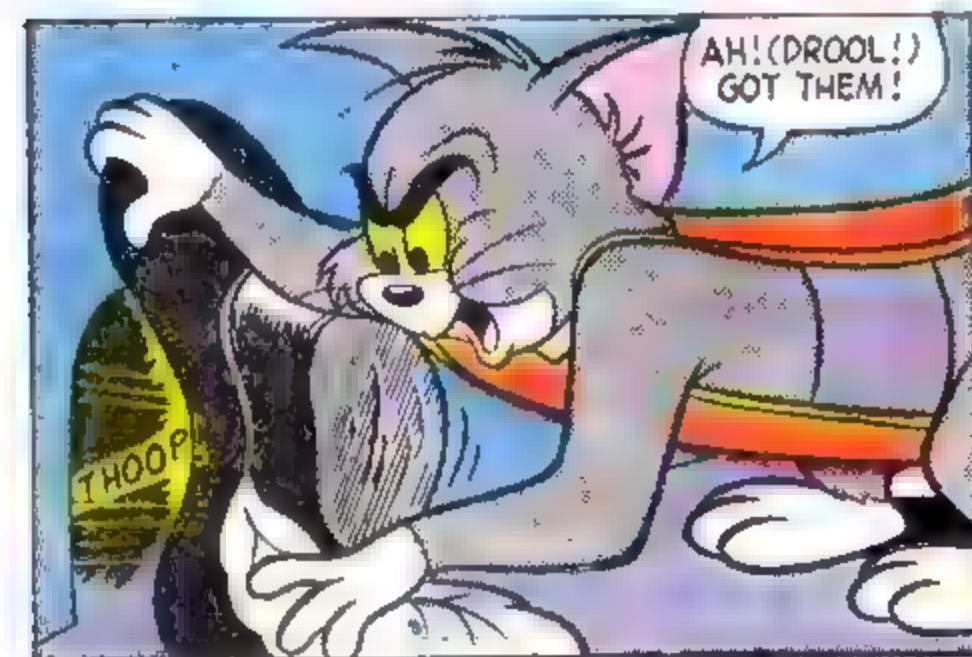


SO SORRY TO KEEP  
YOU WAITING FOR  
DINNER:

I'VE GOT TO HAVE A BITE  
OF SOMETHING!



I WILL CATCH THEM AND  
EAT *WHATEVER* THEY  
BRING *THIS* TIME!

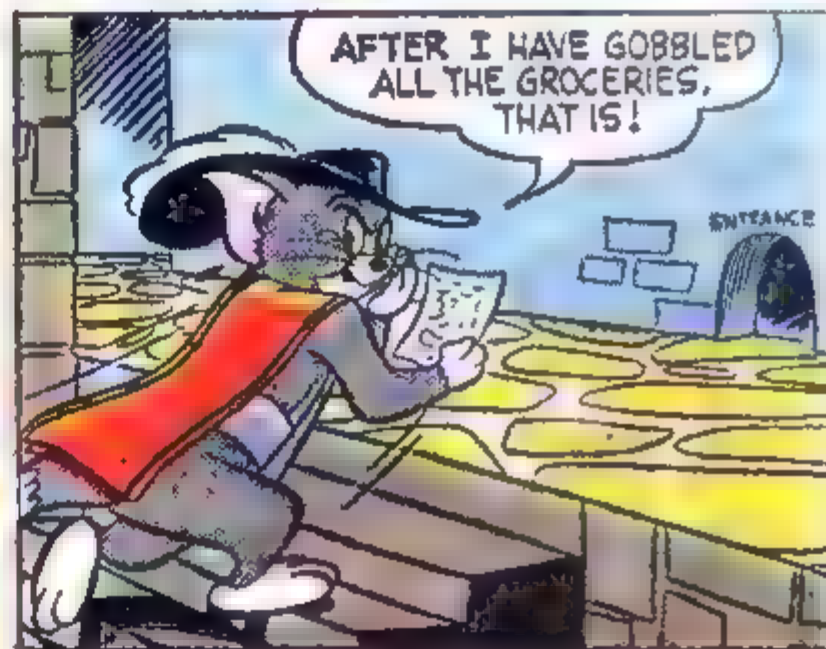
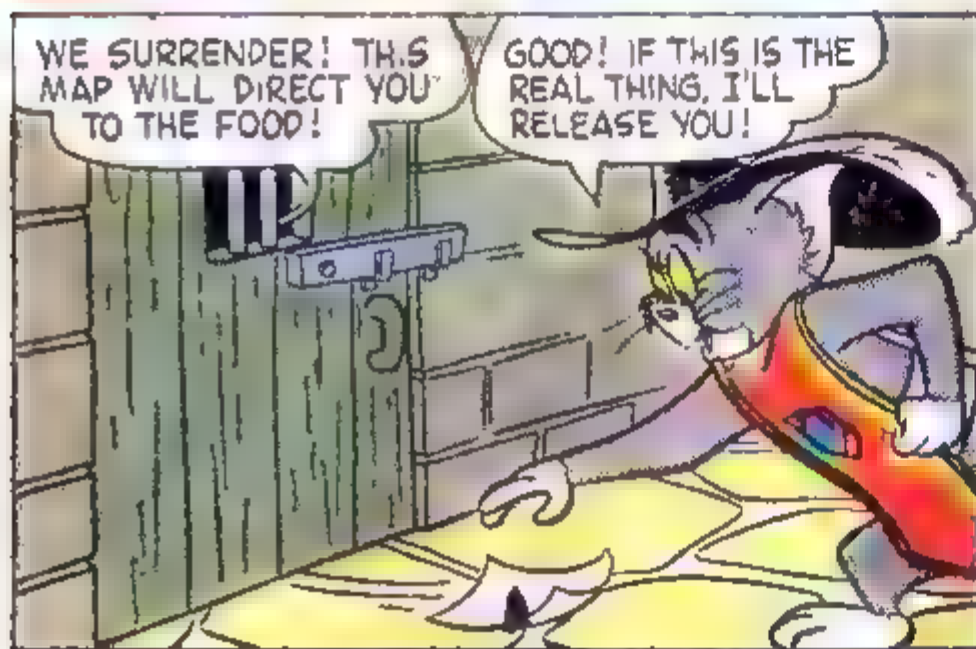
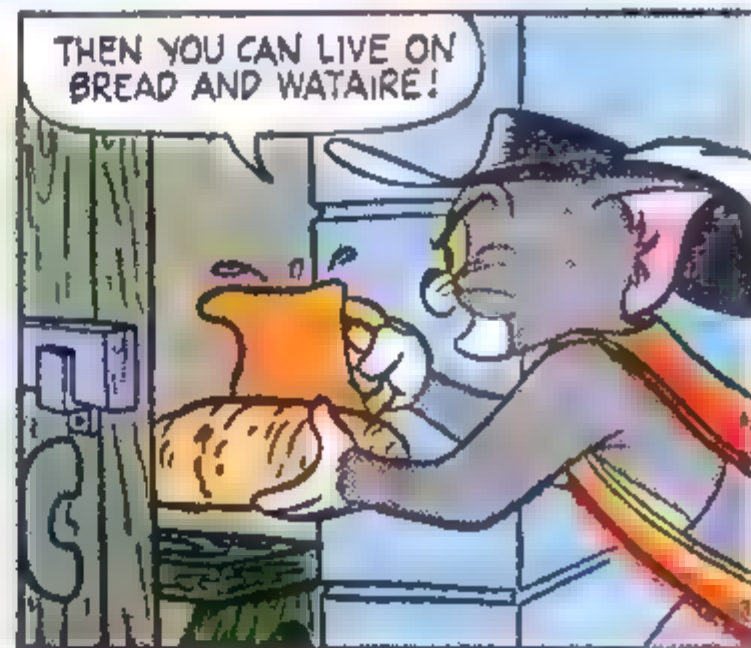
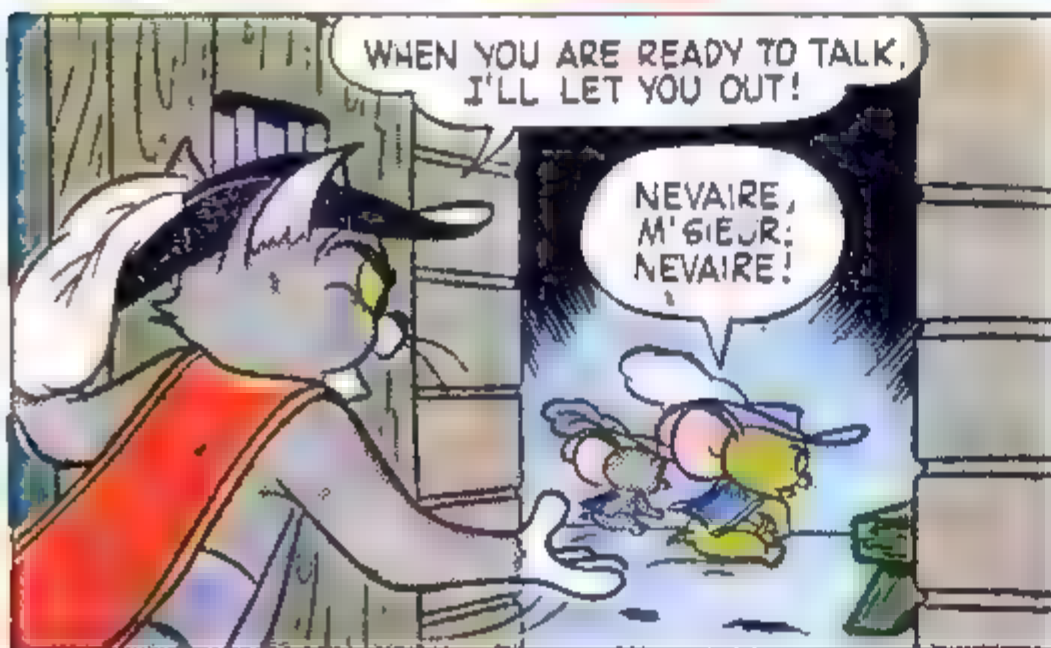
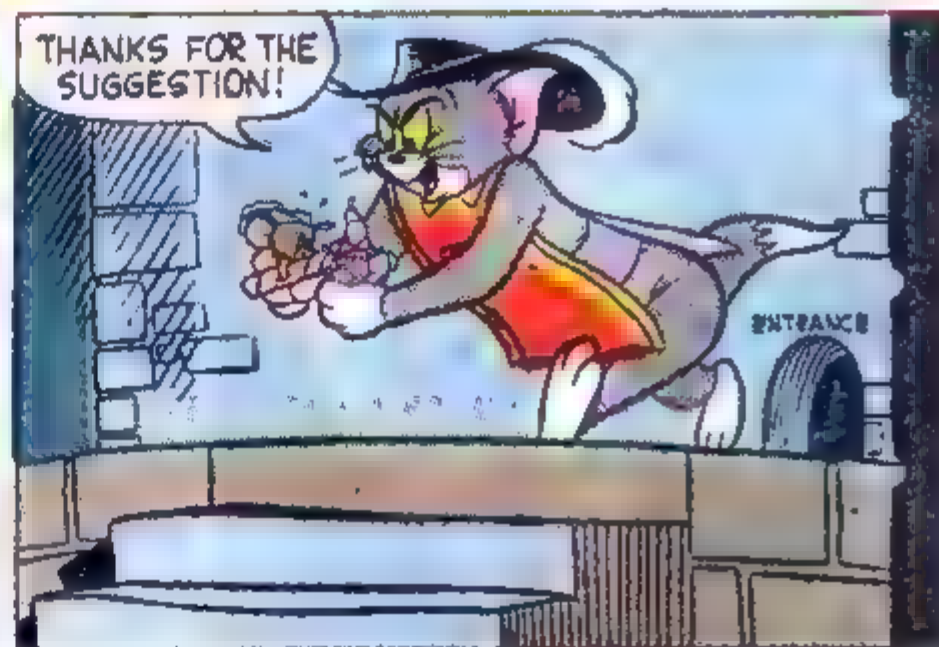
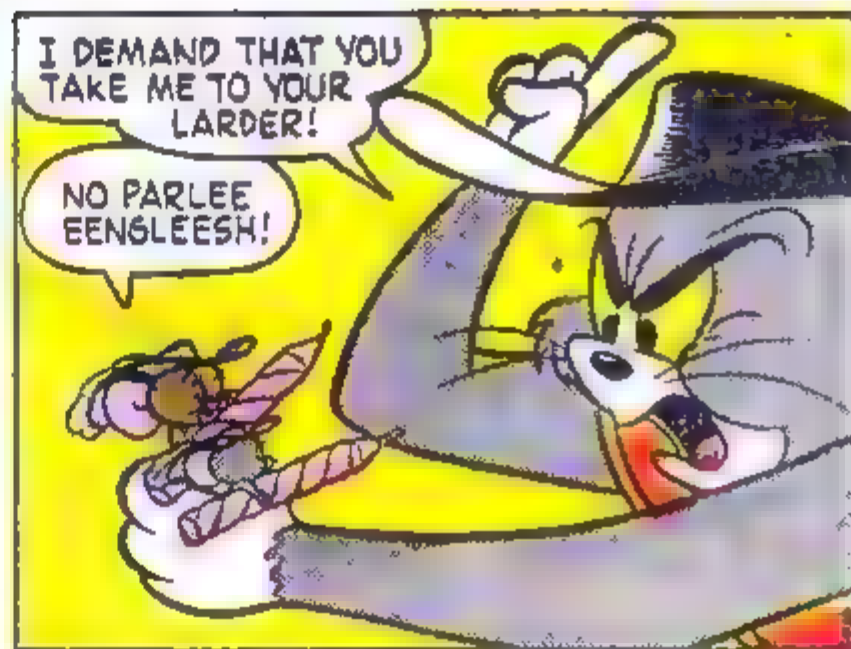


AH! (DROOL!)  
GOT THEM!

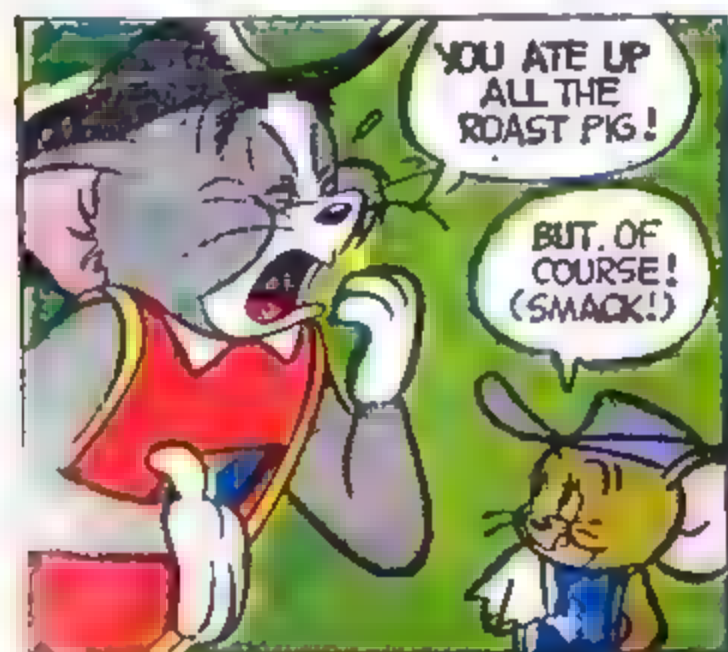
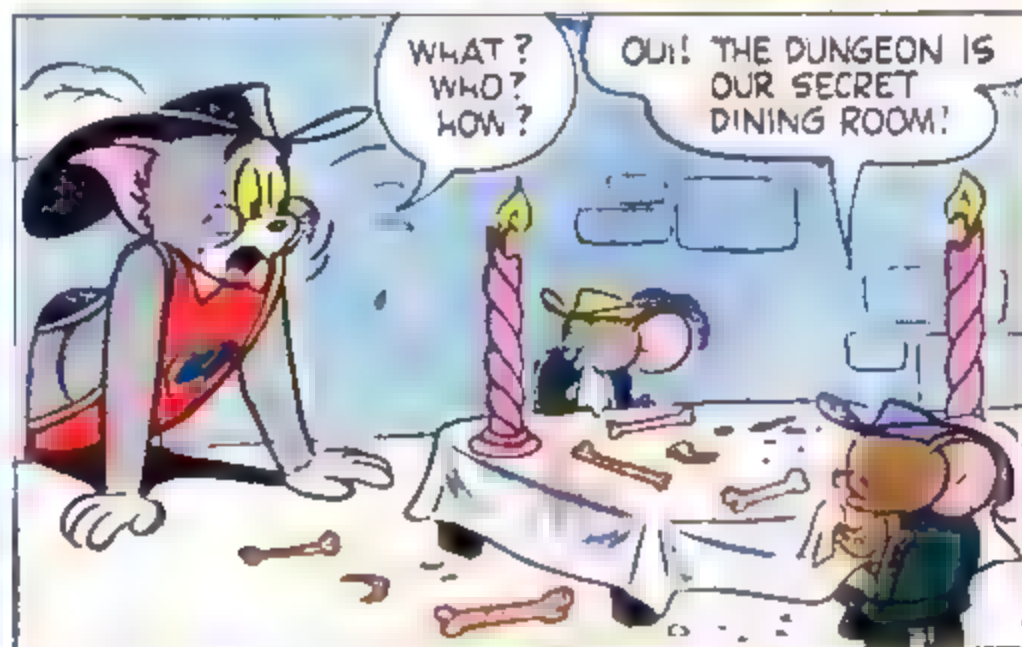
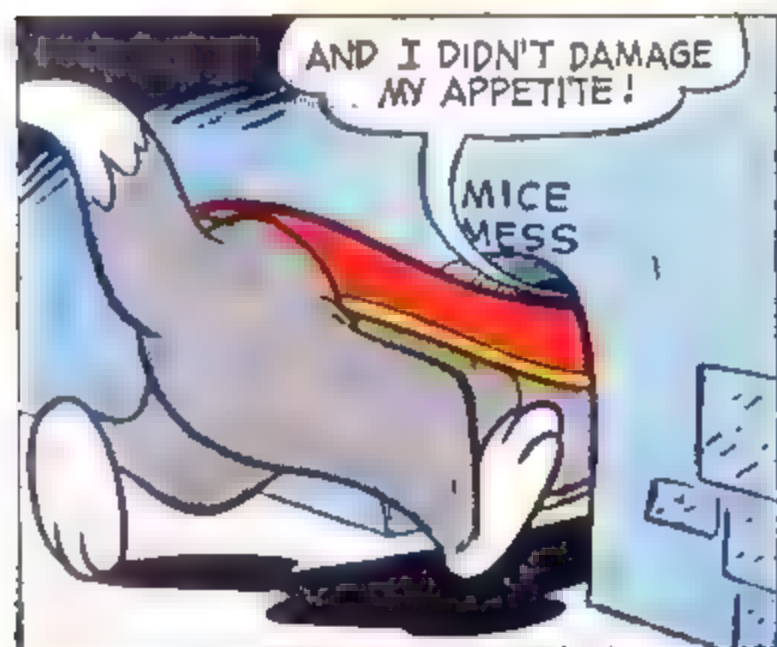
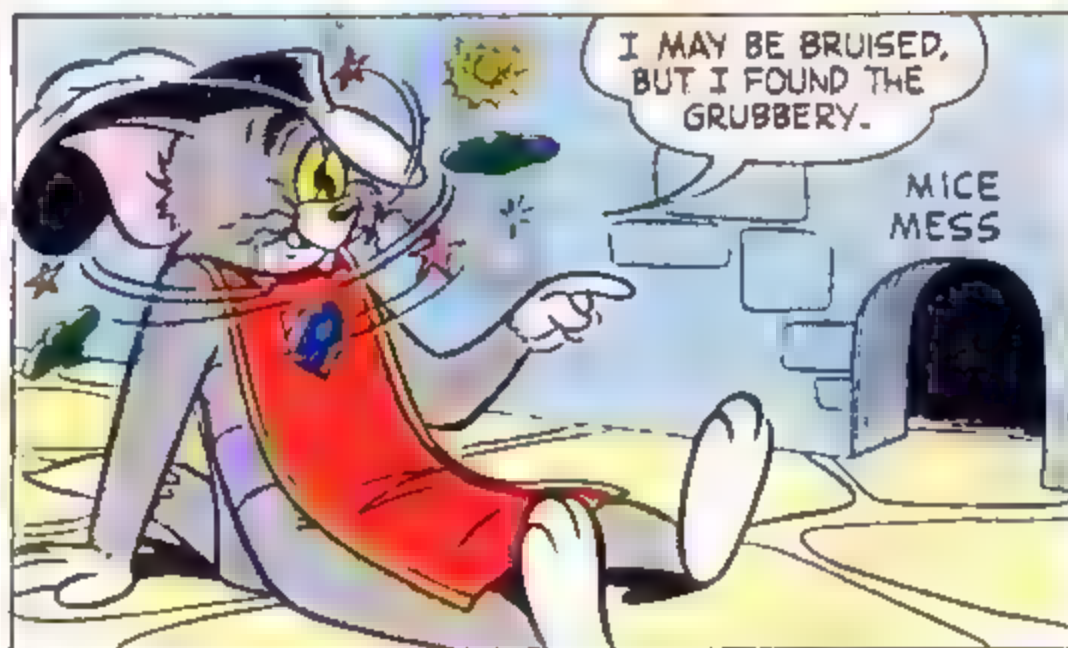
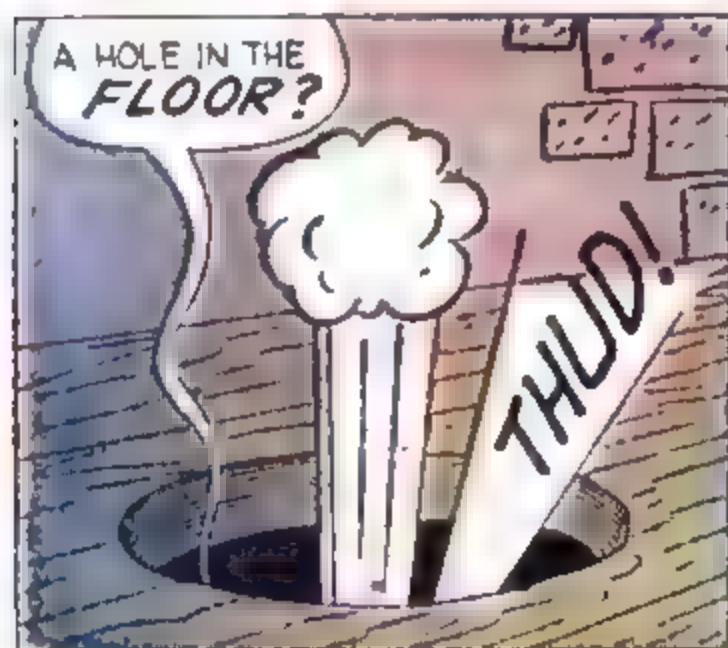
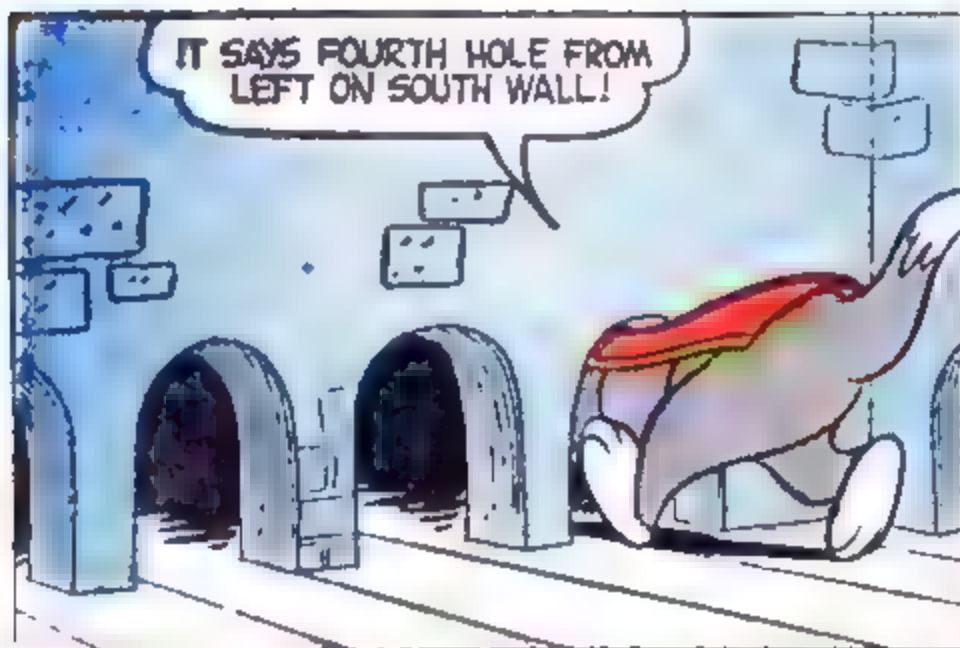


CANDY! JUST  
WHAT I NEED  
TO SPOIL MY  
APPETITE!





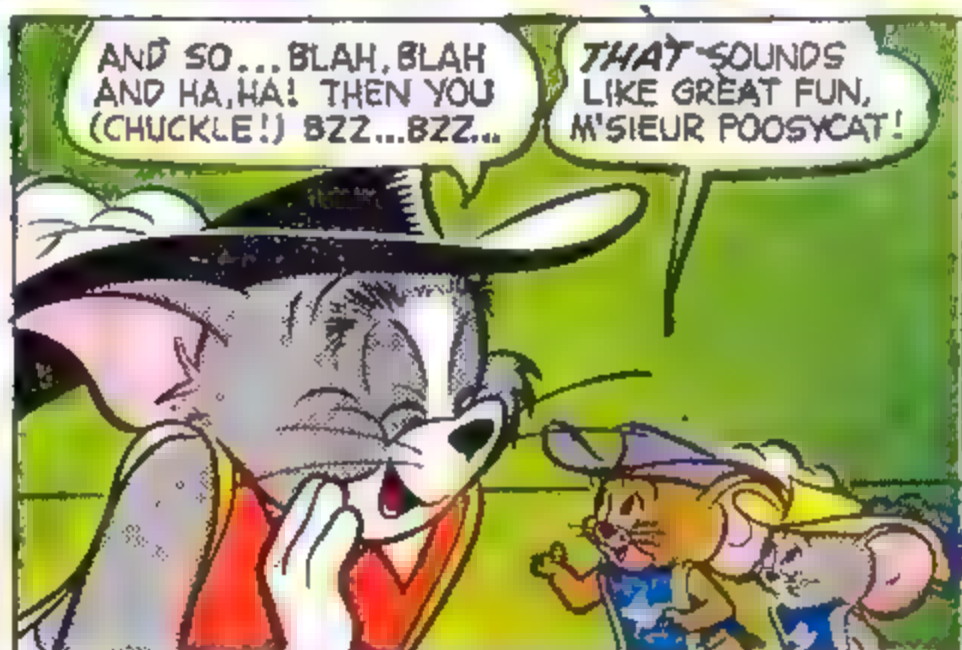
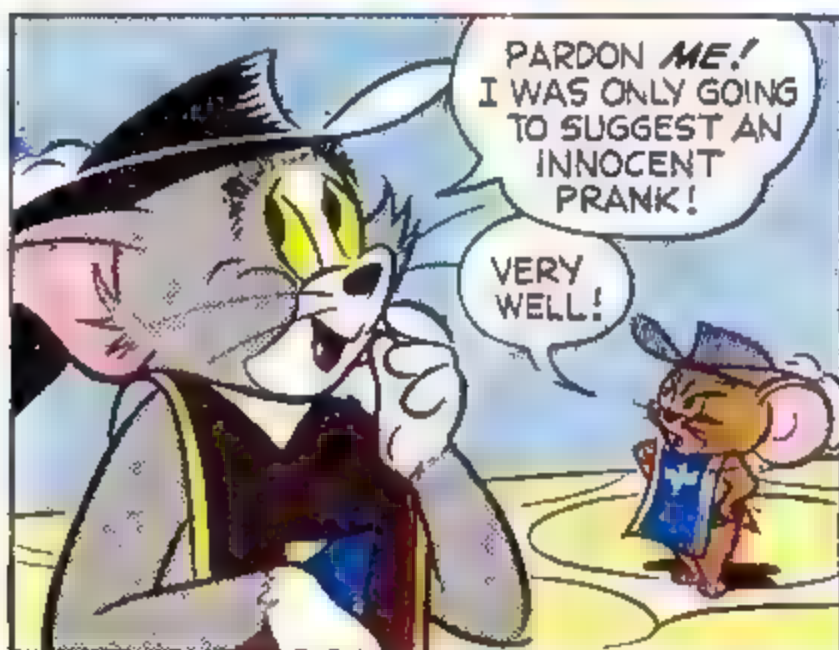
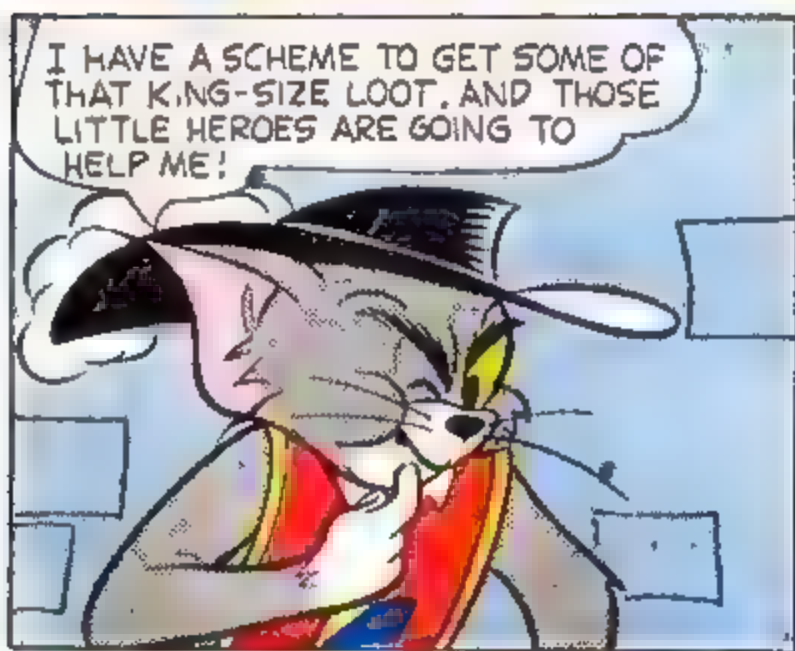
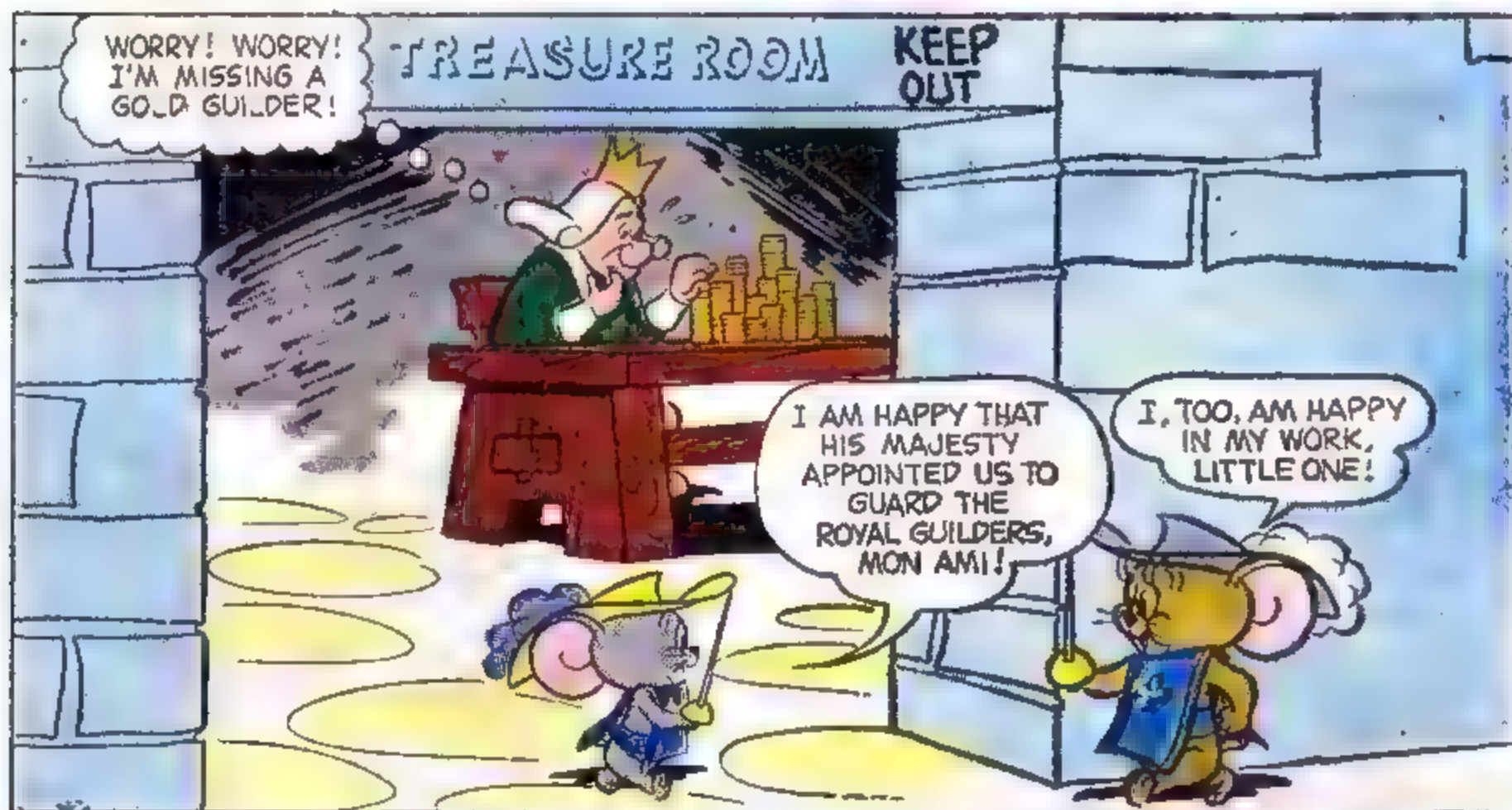




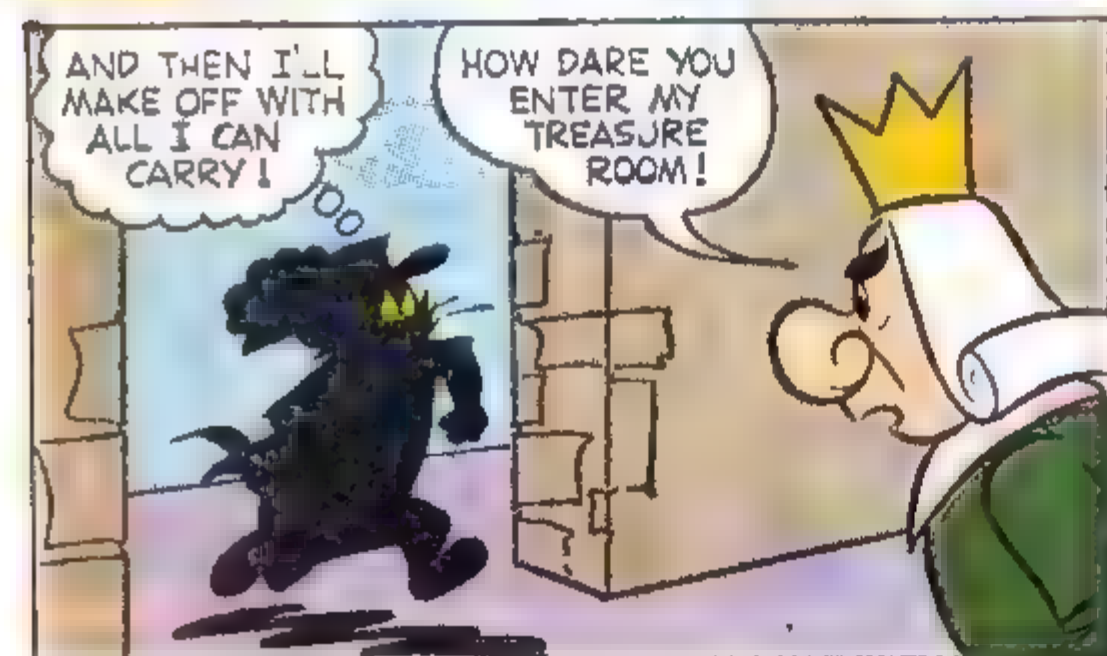
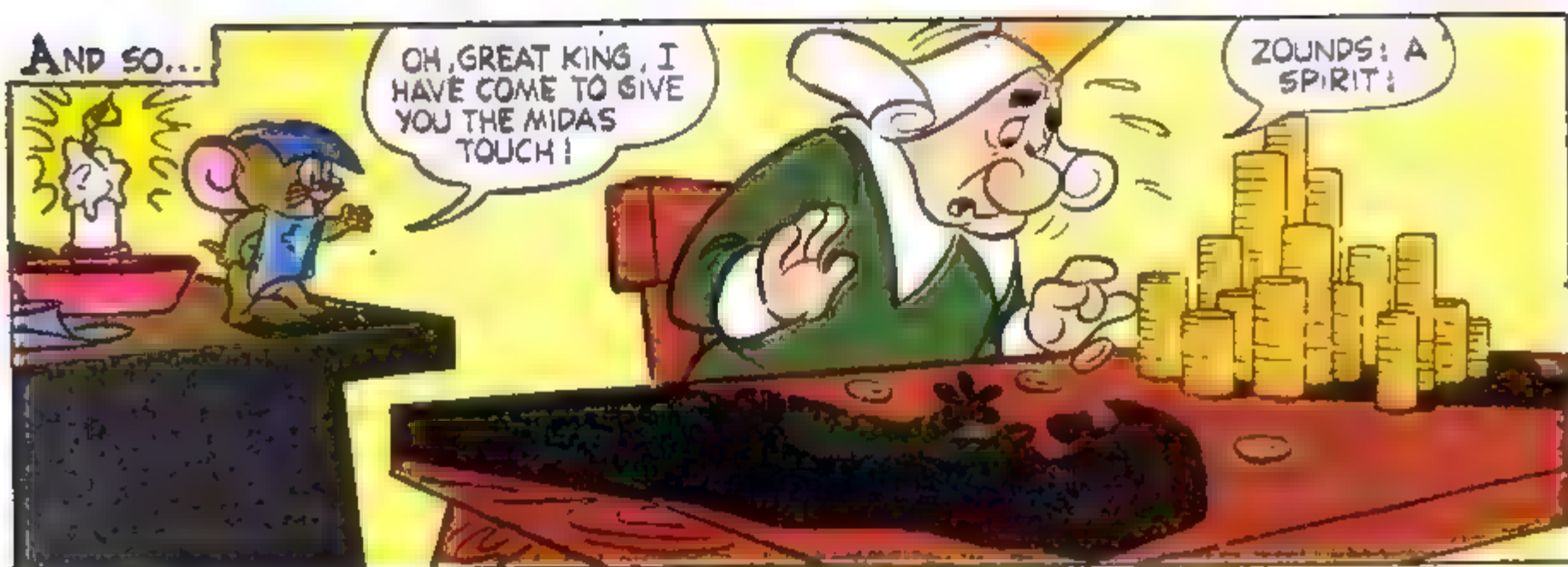


# MOUSE MUSKETEERS

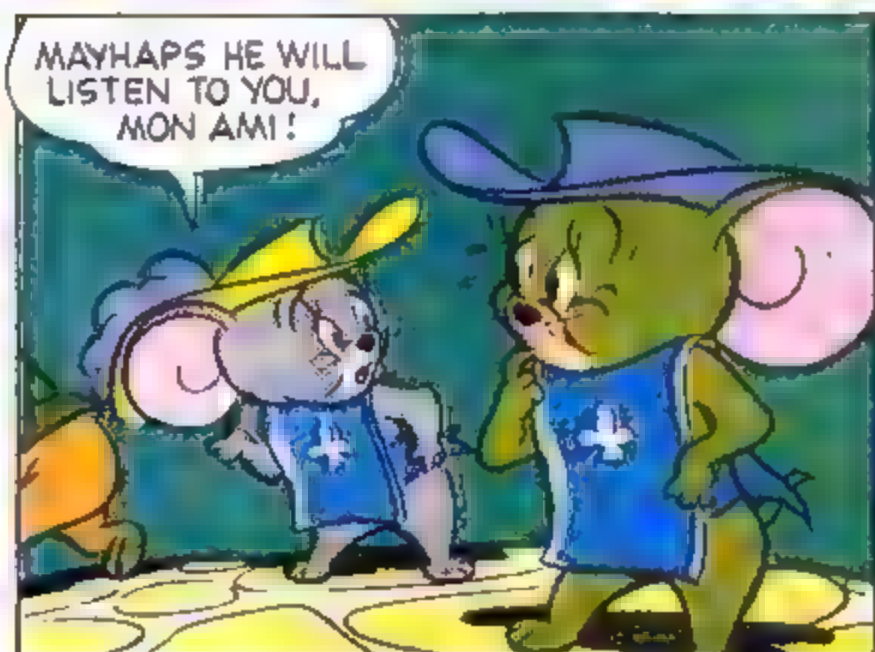
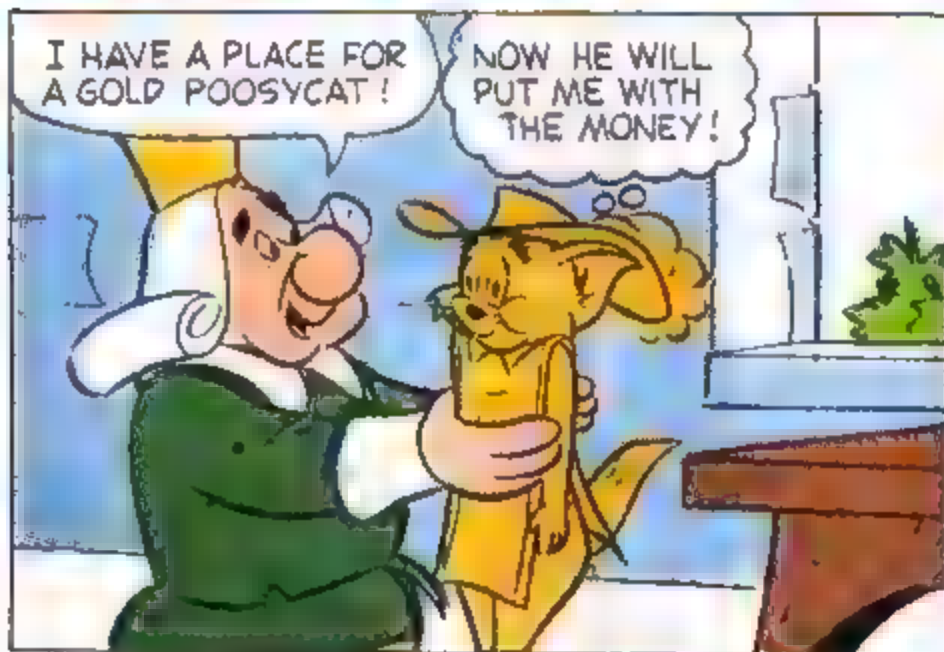
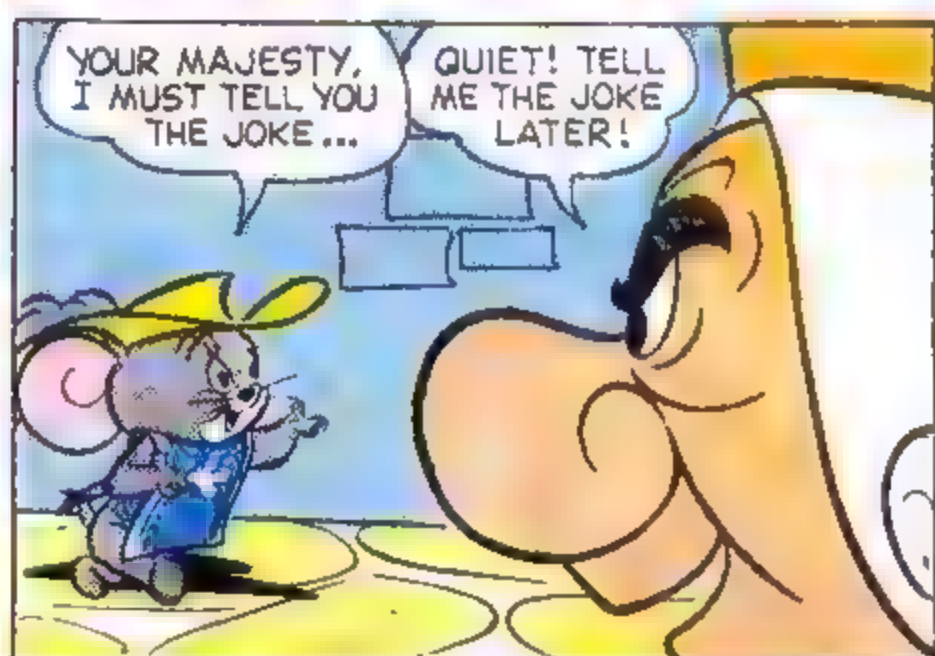
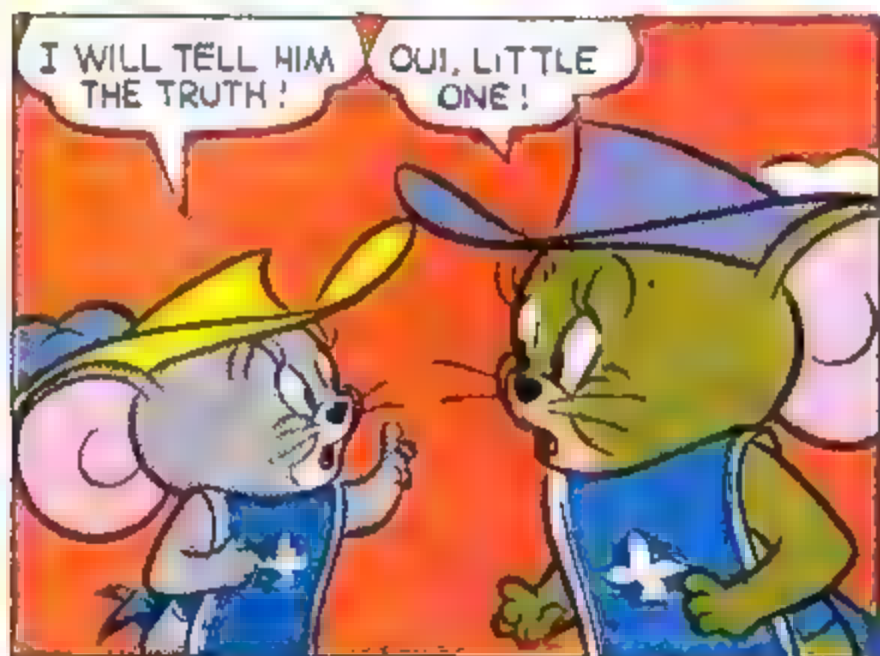
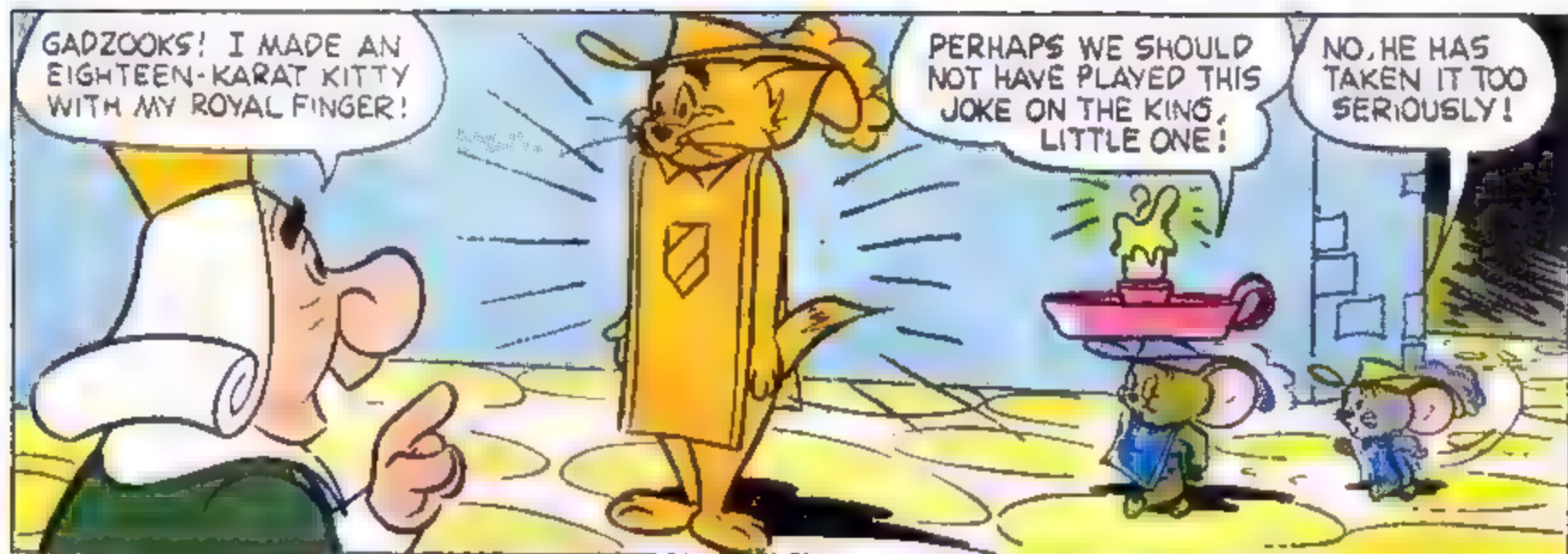
# THE JOKERS



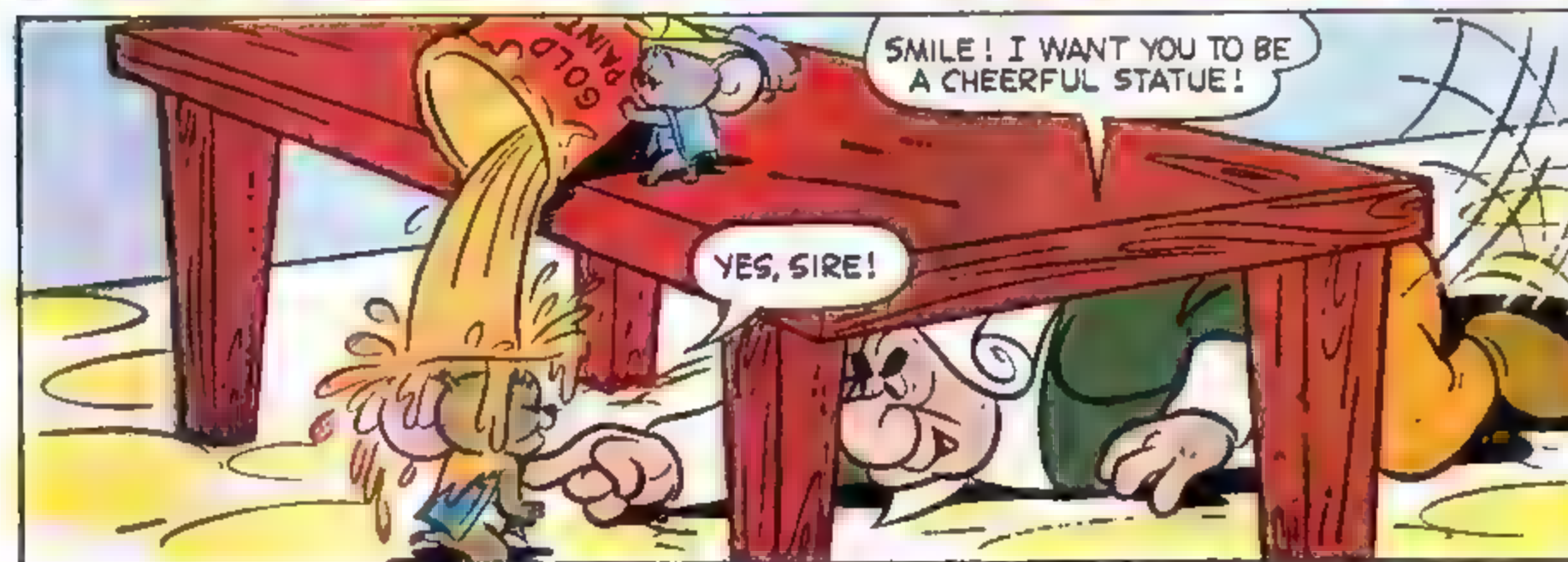
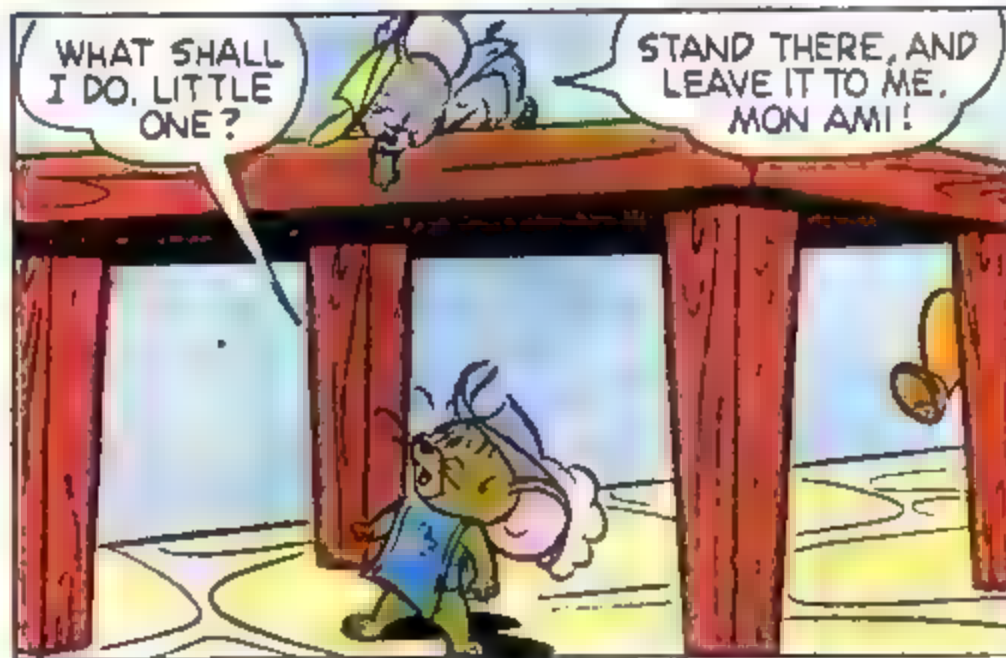
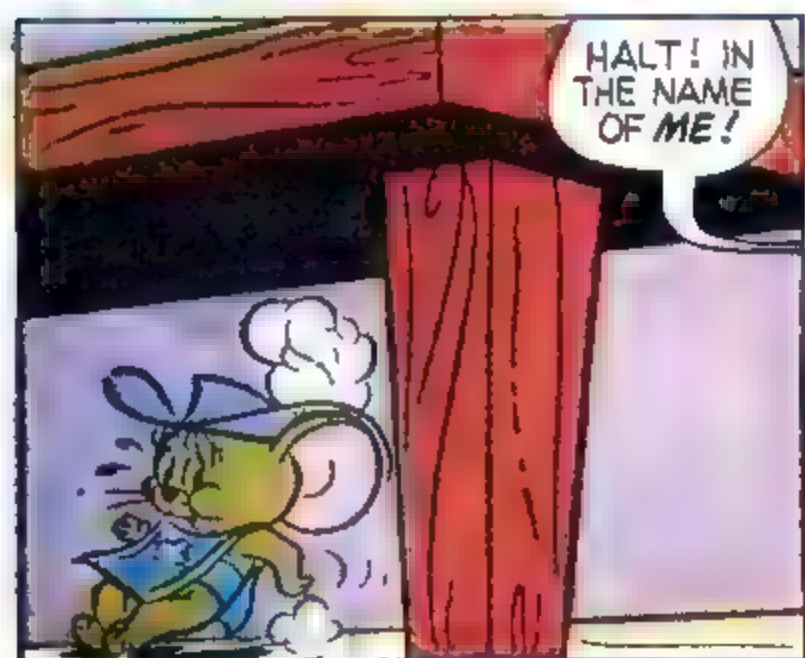
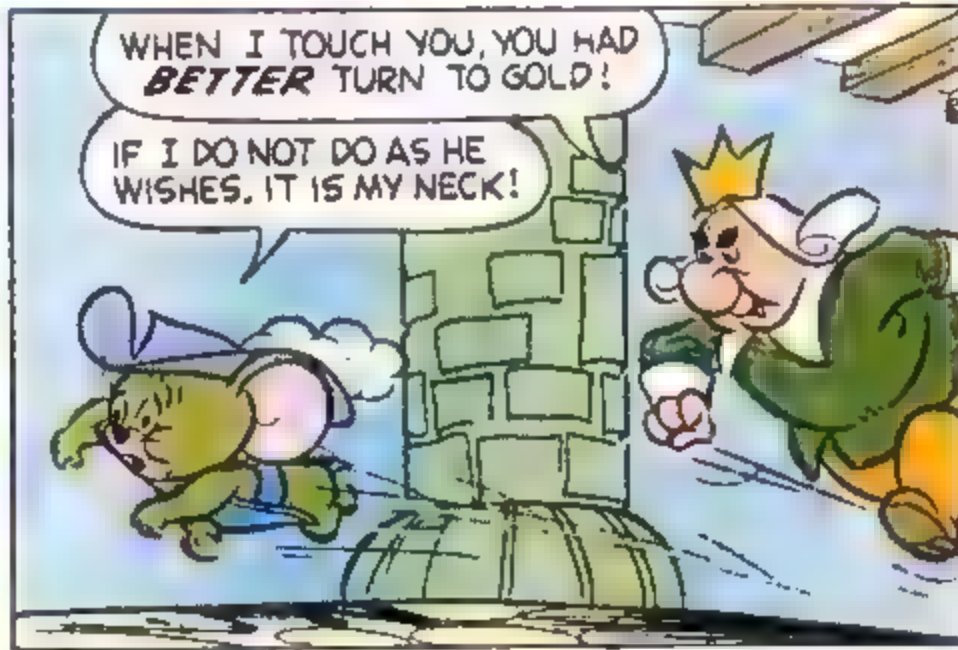




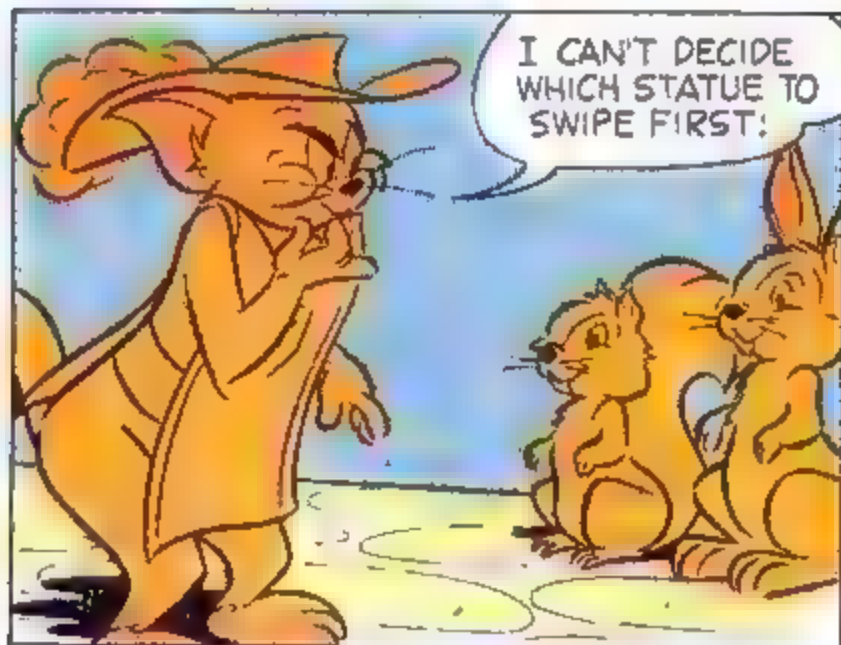




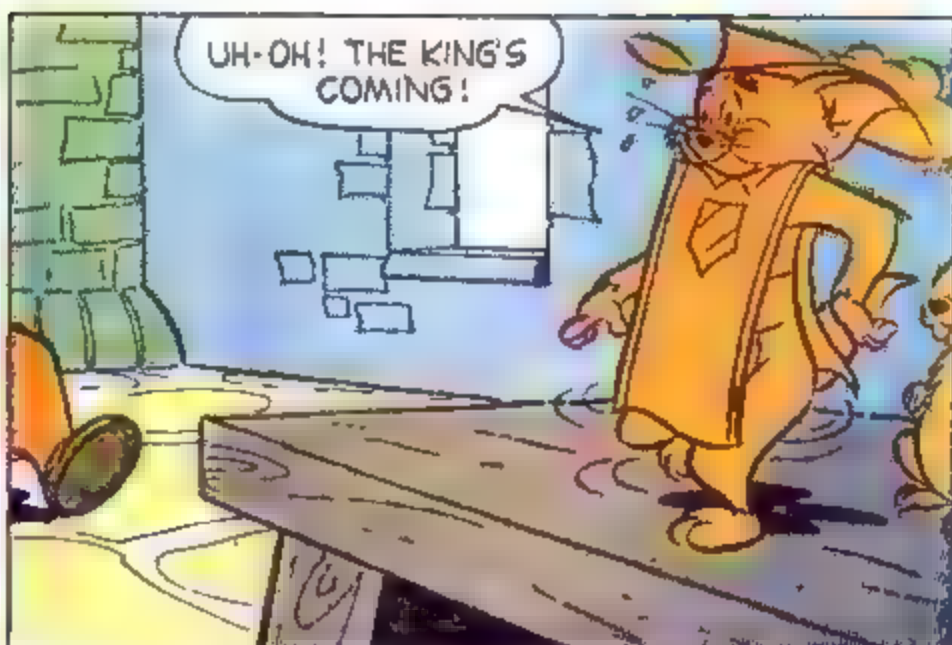




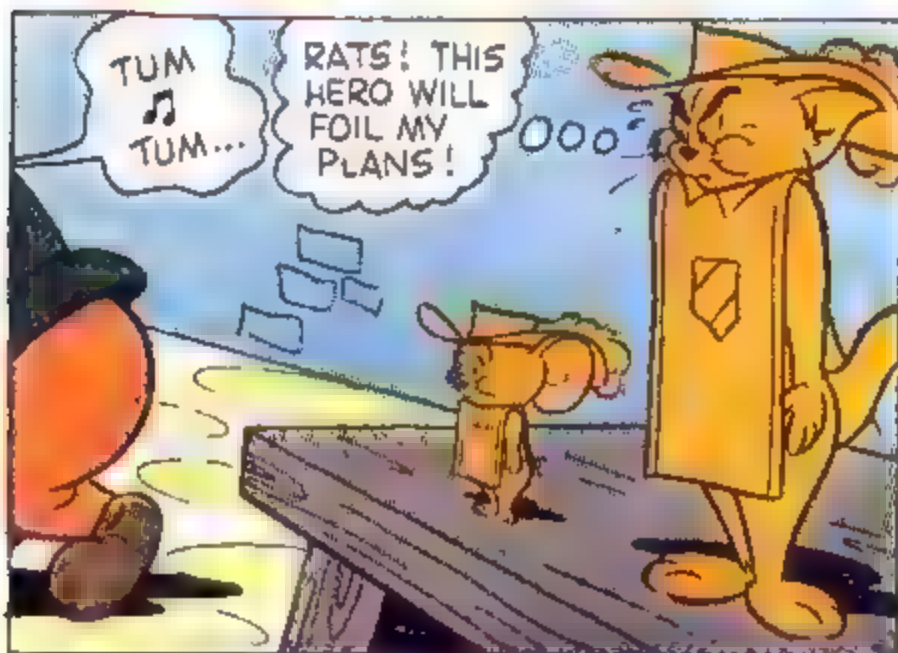




I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH STATUE TO SWIPE FIRST!



UH-OH! THE KING'S COMING!



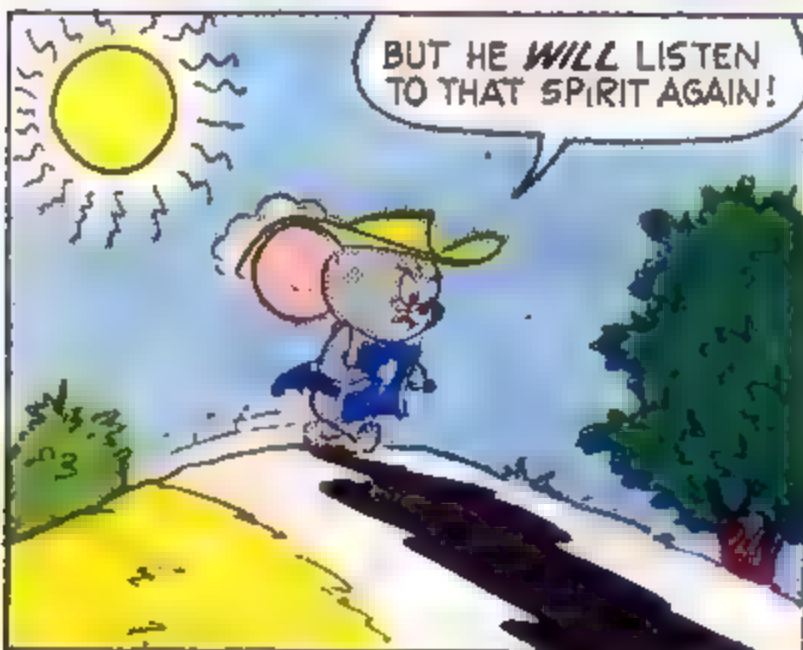
TUM  
TUM...

RATS! THIS HERO WILL FOIL MY PLANS!



NOW LET'S SEE - WHAT OTHER ANIMALS CAN I TURN TO GOLD!

HE WILL NOT LET ME TALK TO HIM...

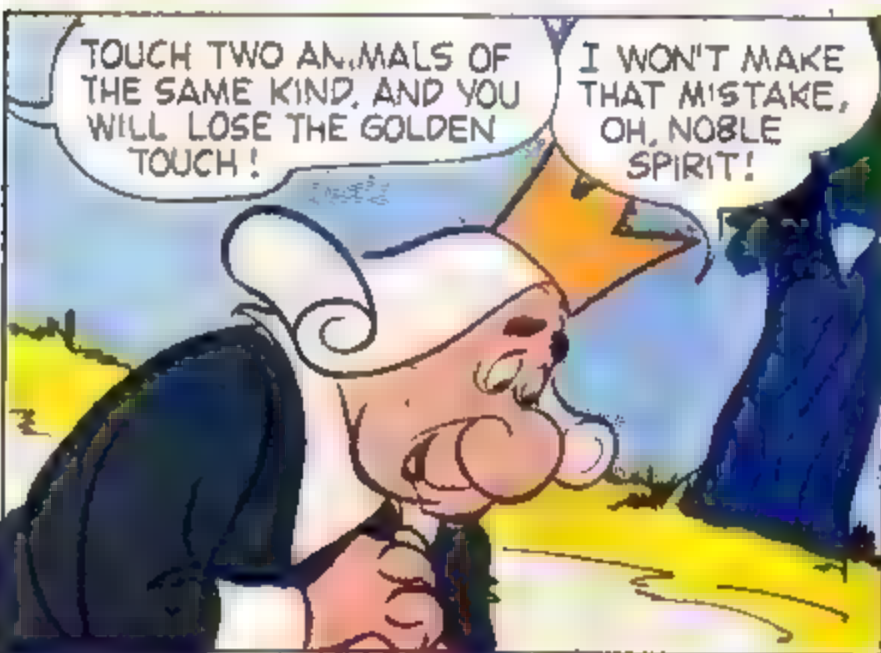


BUT HE *WILL* LISTEN TO THAT SPIRIT AGAIN!



STOP, YOUR HIGHNESS!

MY SPIRIT!



TOUCH TWO ANIMALS OF THE SAME KIND, AND YOU WILL LOSE THE GOLDEN TOUCH!

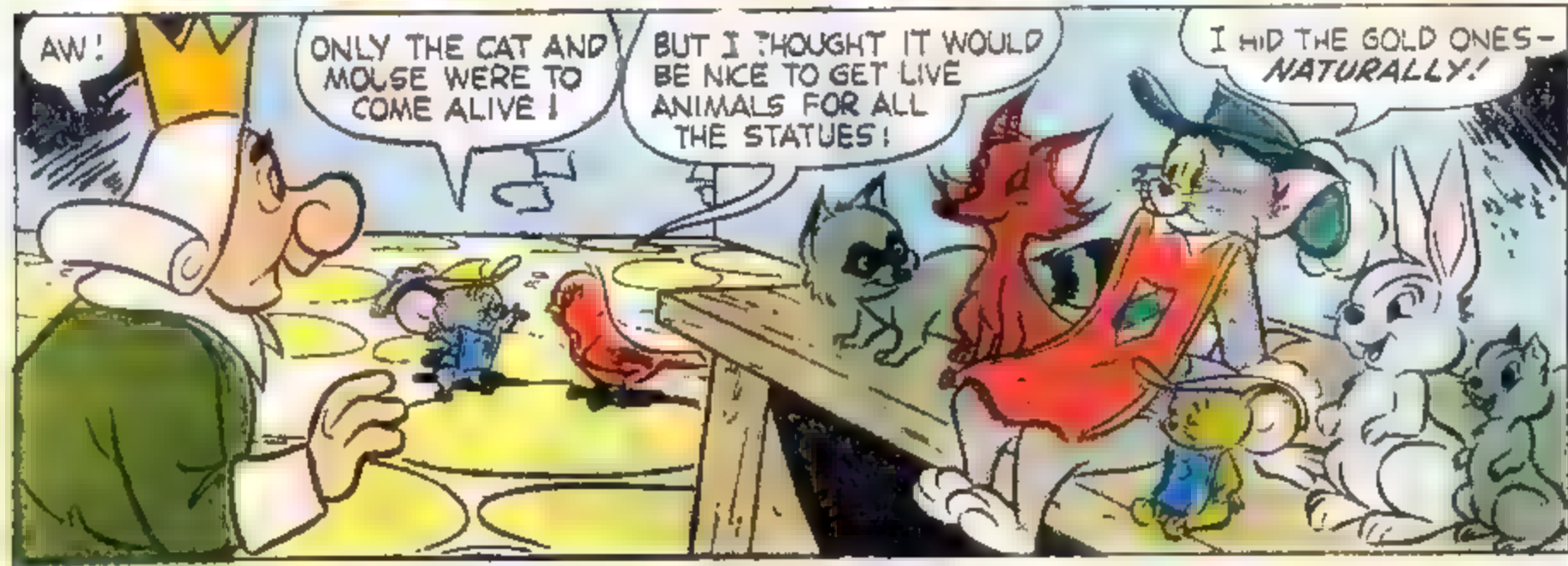
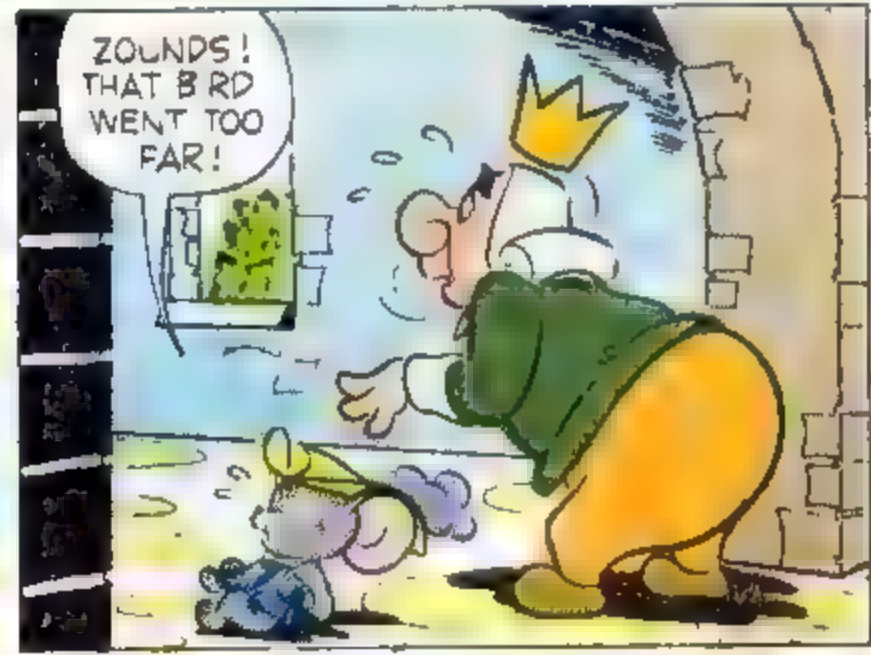
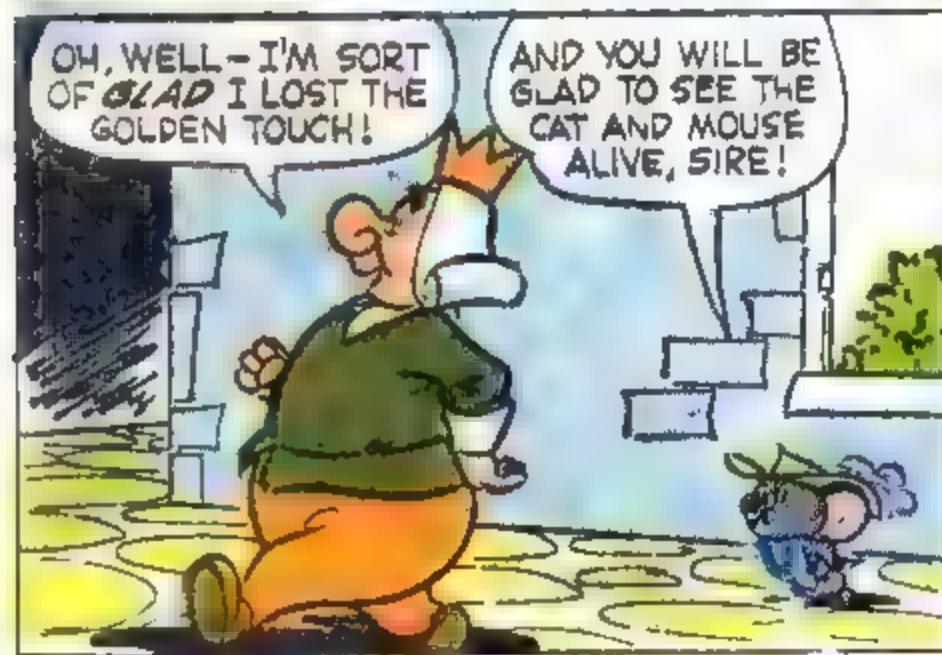
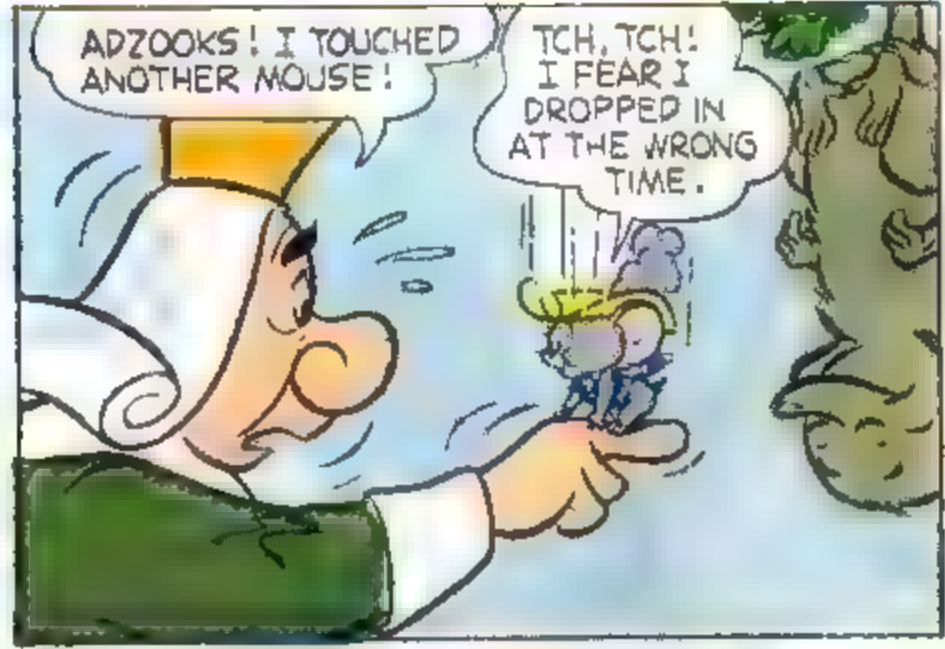
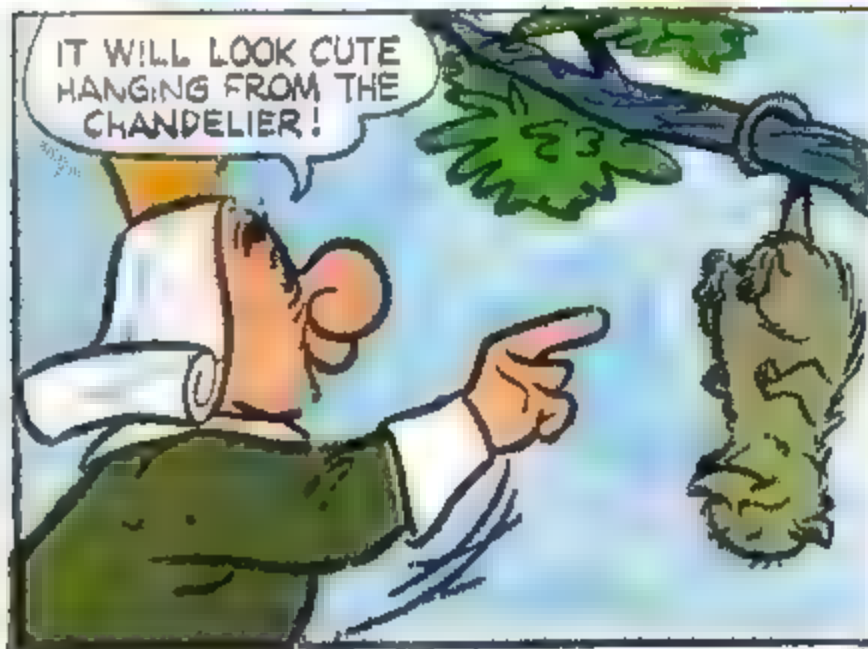
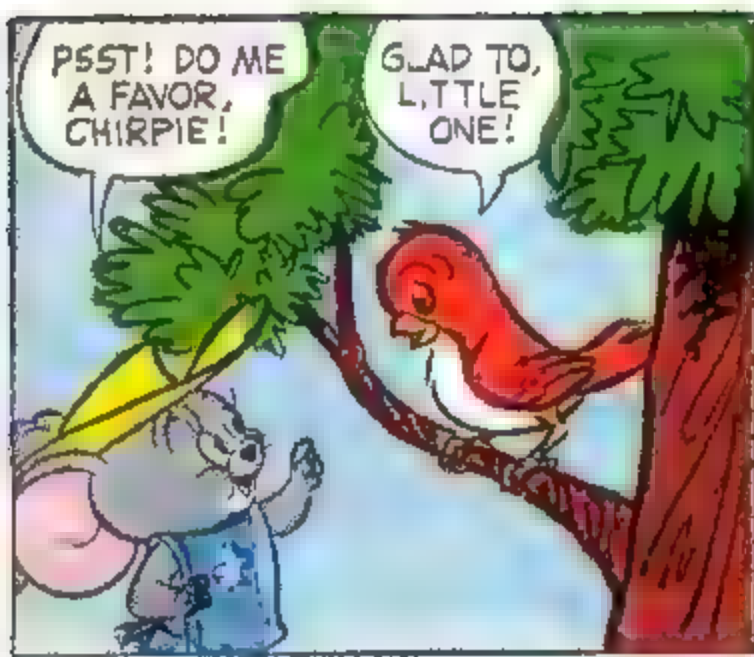
I WON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE, OH, NOBLE SPIRIT!



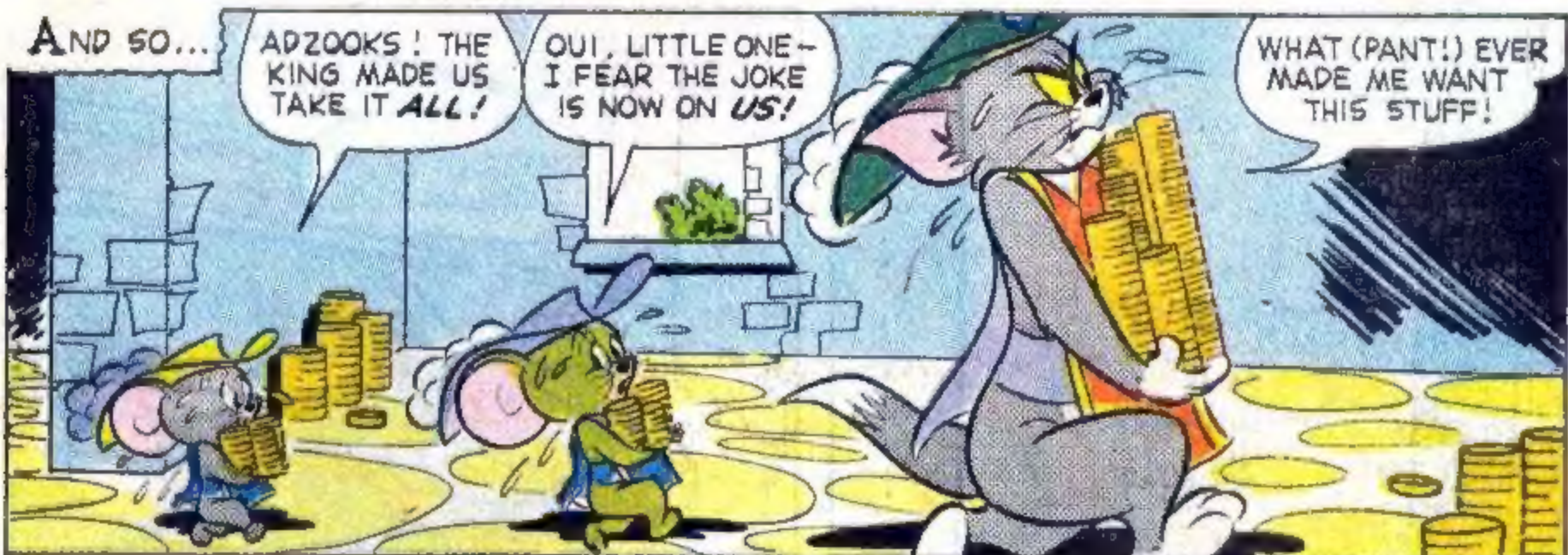
ONE MORE THING...IF YOU DO, ALL THE ANIMALS YOU HAVE TOUCHED WILL COME TO LIFE!

I *MUST* BE MOST CAREFUL!

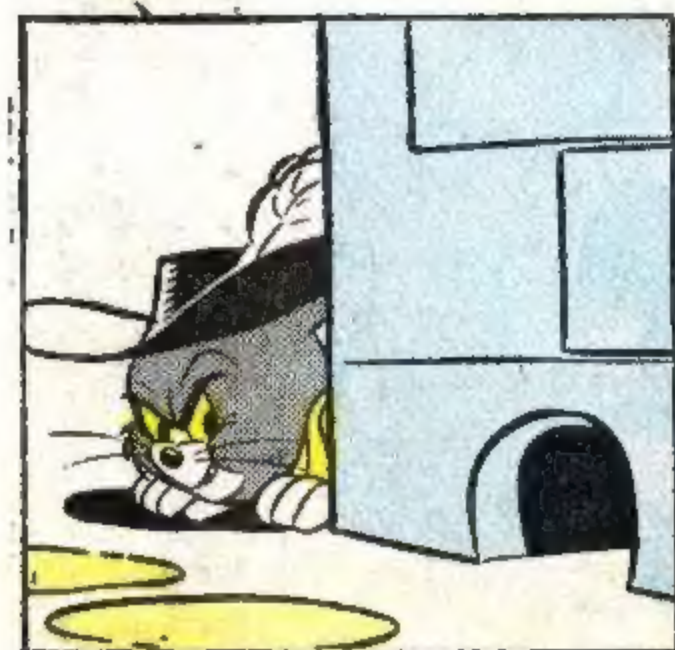
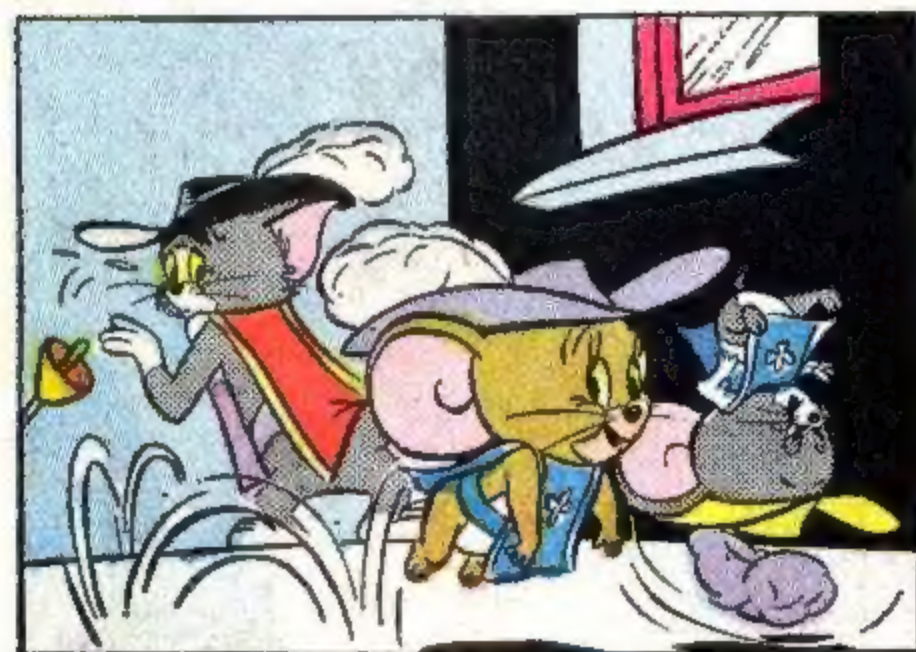
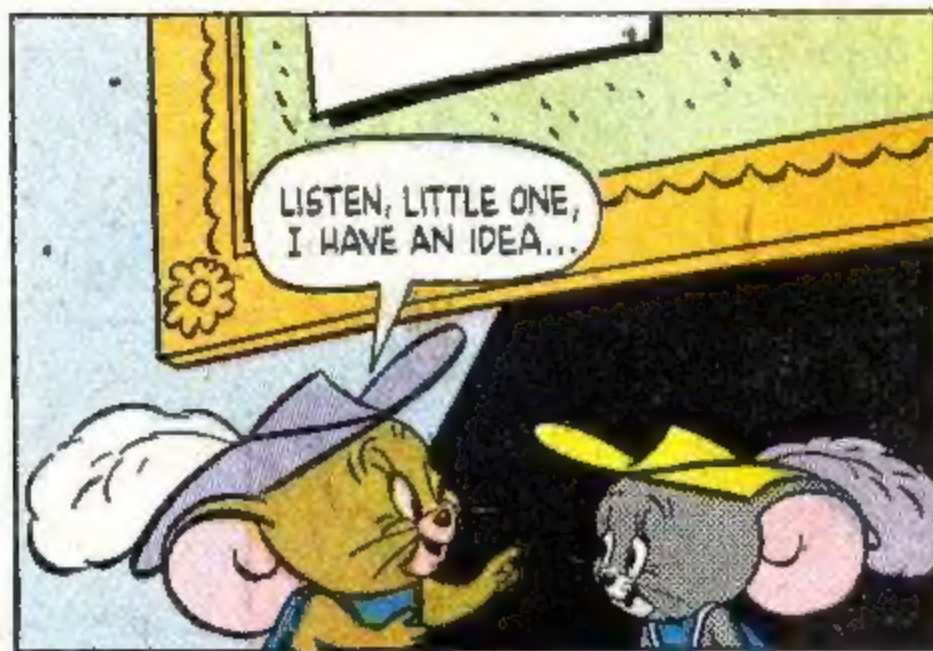
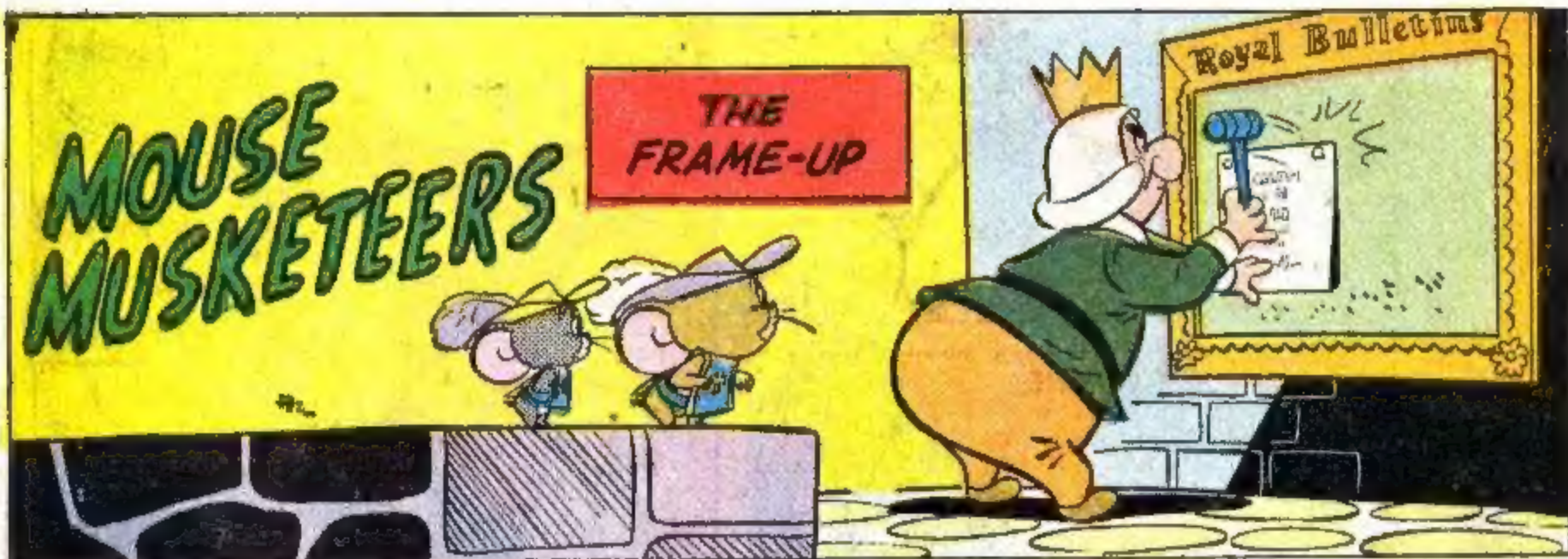














# MOUSE MUSKETEERS

## AFLOAT IN THE MOAT

WHEEEE!  
THIS IS FUN!



THIS GIVES  
ME AN  
IDEA!



YIPPEE! LET'S CLIMB BACK UP  
FOR ANOTHER DIVE, LITTLE ONE!

OUI!

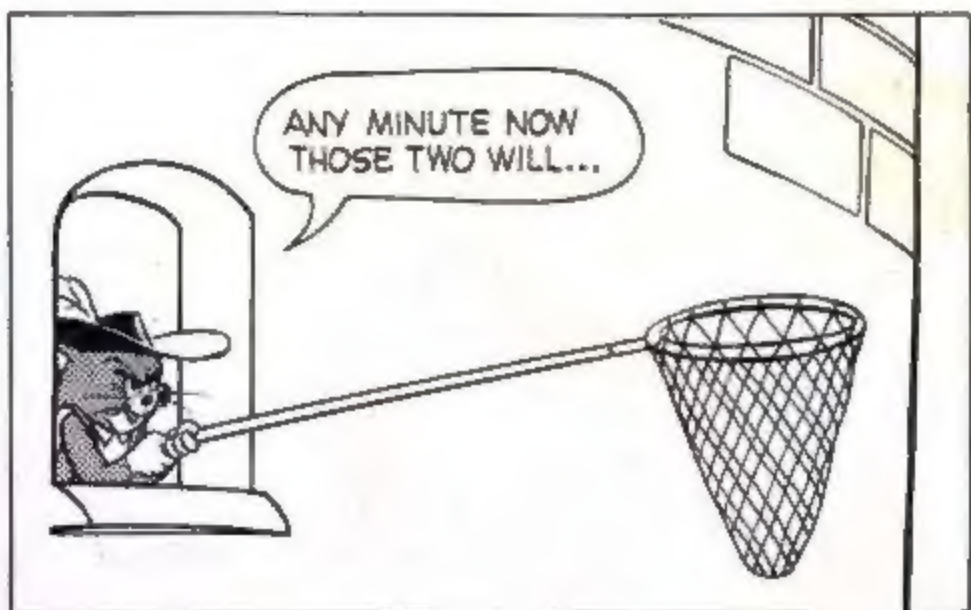
(CHUCKLE!)  
THIS IS GOING  
TO BE GOOD!



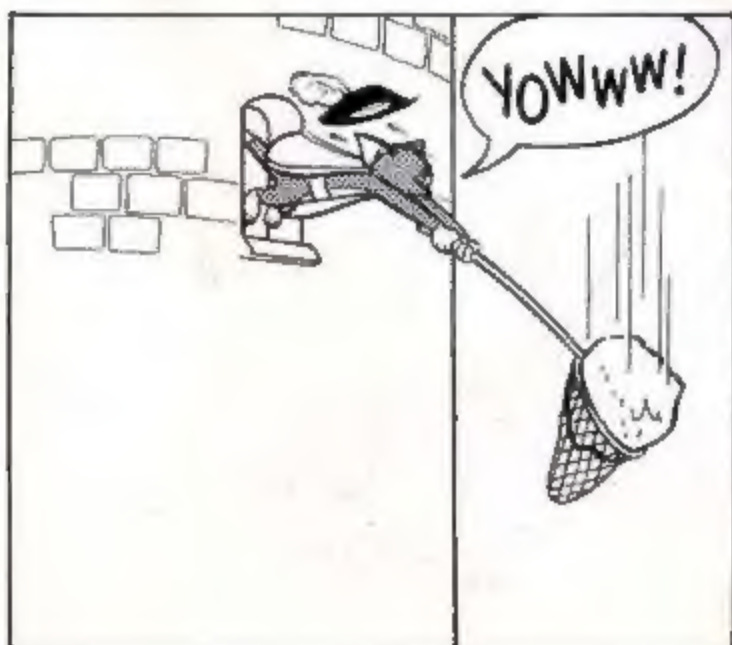
URK!  
WAIT A  
MINUTE,  
MON AMI!  
LOOK!



ANY MINUTE NOW  
THOSE TWO WILL...



YOWWW!



TSK, TSK! I'VE NEVER SEEN  
POOSYCAT TAKE SUCH A  
FANCY DIVE!

HE'S GETTING  
**BOULDER!**  
HEH, HEH!

